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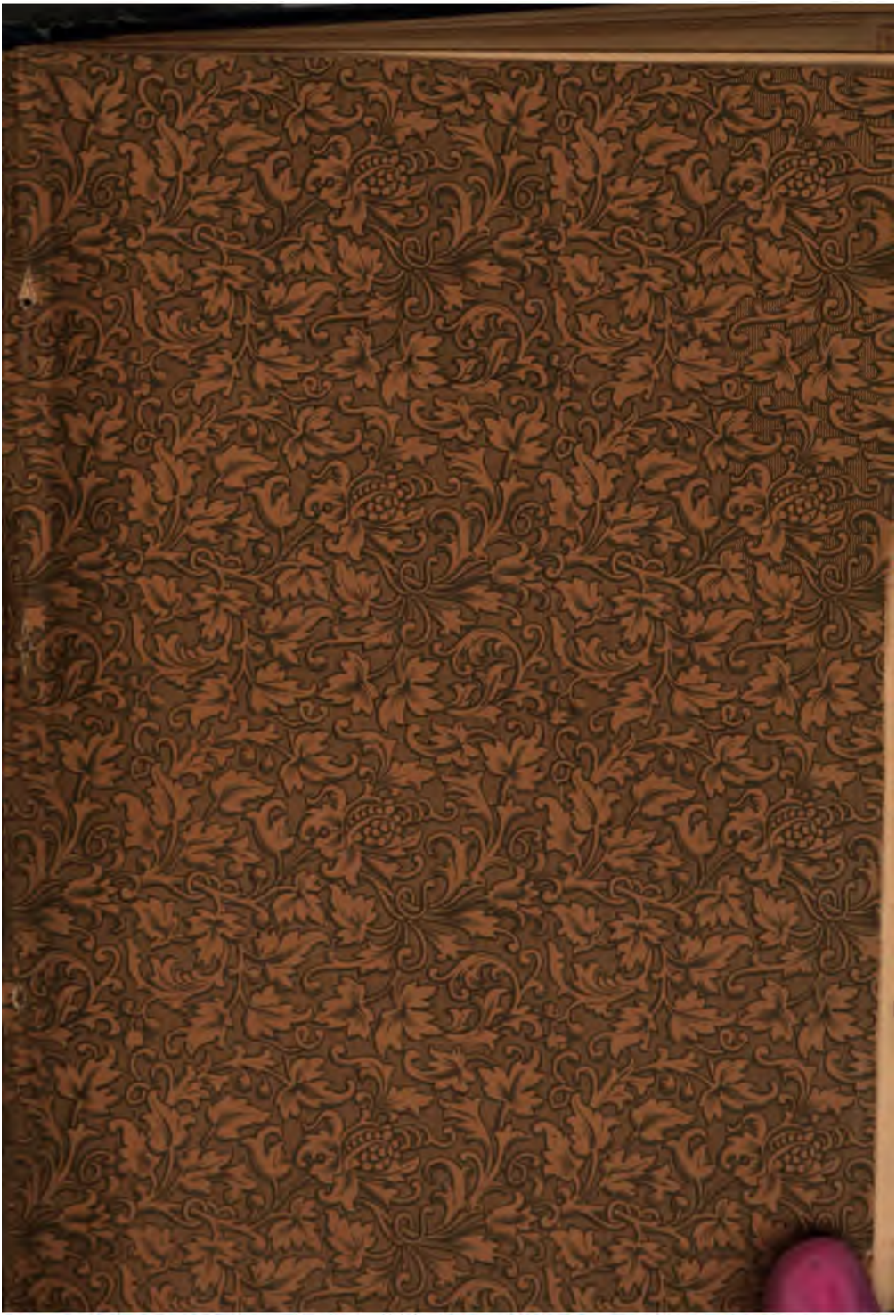

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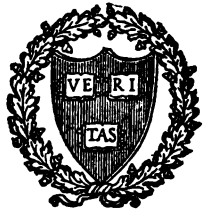

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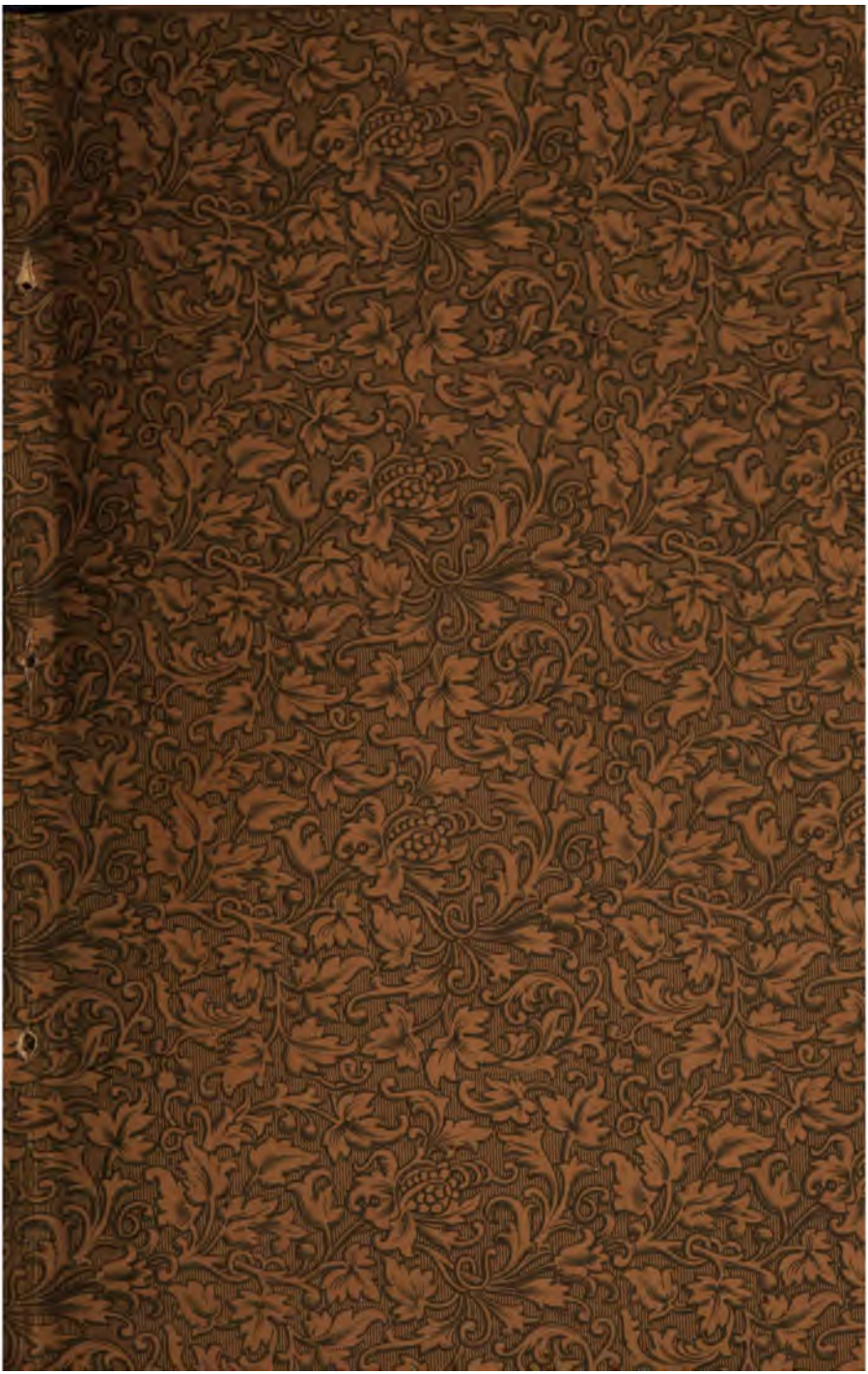

THE WORKS

OF

EPICTETUS.

CONSISTING OF

HIS DISCOURSES, IN FOUR BOOKS, THE ENCHIRIDION, AND FRAGMENTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

A New and Revised Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1890.

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PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION.

IT is always pleasant to an author, or even to a translator, when he finds a renewed demand for his work after an interval of twenty-five years. This demand appears all the more satisfactory in the present case, because this period of time has seen the appearance of two new versions of Epictetus in England. My own translation has undergone a good deal of revision during this long interval, and now bears few traces of Mrs. Carter's — on which it was originally based — except in its general arrangement and in the use of some of her notes, here always designated by the appropriate initial. It is, however, of very little importance who receives the credit of the version, as long as the high thoughts of Epictetus secure a renewal and an enlargement of their audience.

T. W. H.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
September, 1890.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

ELIZABETH CARTER'S version of Epictetus has outlived every English prose translation of its day, and has admirably held its ground with readers. While Marcus Aurelius has had a series of English versions, the complete works of Epictetus have had but this one, reproduced in four different editions. Even of the "Enchiridion," or Manual, of which there had been at least five different versions in England before her time, — two of which had passed respectively through six editions, — I am not aware that any later translation has there been printed. And the main reason unquestionably is, that there was absolutely no similar work done in England, at that date, of so good a quality.

Thomas Taylor indeed grudgingly says that this translation "is as good as a person ignorant of philosophy can be supposed to make."[1] But

[1] See his translation of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, B. III. c. 3, *note*.

the philosophy of Epictetus was altogether of the practical sort, and quite unlike those cloudy regions of Proclus and Plotinus in which Thomas Taylor loved to wander. Whatever it was, Elizabeth Carter understood it, and rendered it almost too technically; and if she knew less of philosophy than "the Platonist," she knew Greek a great deal better. There is no reason to doubt that she was, as her friend Dr. Johnson declared, the best Greek scholar in England of her day. She certainly surpassed the contemporary Latin translator, Upton, whose edition of Epictetus was deservedly the standard one until that of Schweighäuser; and I have rarely examined a point disputed between her and Schweighäuser, without siding with her at last. After saying this, it is no great stretch of humility to admit my own inferiority, and to claim only the advantage of writing more than a century later, and hence with more side-lights and a more modern style.

I hesitated for some time whether to call this book simply a revision of Elizabeth Carter's translation, or a new one based on hers. The latter alternative was finally chosen, less in order to claim for myself any credit of hers, than to save her from sharing any discredit of mine. The enterprise was begun simply as a revision.

But to revise any translation made a century ago is like underrunning a telegraphic cable: one may inspect a good deal of it, and find but trifling repairs needful; and then one may come to a point where a wholly new piece must go in. These substitutions multiplied so rapidly, — and even where the changes were slight, they touched words and phrases so vital, — that the name I have chosen is really the least dishonest that could be given. After all, it shows the thoroughness of Elizabeth Carter's work, that this process of "underrunning" was practicable at all. With the loose, dashing, piquant school of translators who preceded her in that century, as L'Estrange and Collier, such an attempt would have been absurdity. They are very racy reading, — indeed, a capital study for coarse, colloquial English, — but there is no foundation of accuracy in them. Yet the style of Epictetus has a concise and even delicate precision which no language but Greek could perhaps attain; and to do justice to this without loss of popular intelligibility requires all Elizabeth Carter's faithfulness, combined with an amount of purely literary effort which she did not always make. She apologizes, in her letters, for "the uncouthness, in many places, of a version pretty strictly literal." If she erred on this

side, perhaps I have erred in allowing myself a terminology, not more diffuse than hers, but more pliant and varied. But after all, unless a new English version is to be popularized, there seems no use in making it at all.

Epictetus limits himself strictly to giving a code of practical ethics. Not ignoring metaphysics in their proper place, he directs his aims elsewhere. His essential principles are very simple. All things (he holds) receive their character from our judgment concerning them; all objects, all events, are merely semblances or phenomena, to be interpreted according to the laws which Nature gives us. An obvious classification at once occurs: all things are either controllable by will, or uncontrollable. If controllable, we may properly exert towards them our desire or aversion, though always guardedly and moderately. If uncontrollable, they are nothing to us, and we are merely to acquiesce, not with resignation alone, but joyously, knowing that an all-wise Father rules the whole. All success comes, according to Epictetus, from obedience to this rule; all failure proceeds from putting a false estimate on the phenomena of existence, from trying to control what is uncontrollable, or from neglecting what is within our power. "Two rules we should

have always ready, — that there is nothing good or evil save in the Will; and that we are not to lead events, but to follow them" (II. 38). This last is singularly identical with the wise Quaker motto, on which Elizabeth Fry based her remarkable practical successes, — "to follow, not force Providence."

These simple principles are developed pithily in the "Enchiridion," or Manual, and more elaborately in the Discourses. Neither work was written by Epictetus, but both were taken down from his lips. The "Enchiridion" was made the subject, in the sixth century, of an elaborate Greek commentary by Simplicius, which was translated into English by Stanhope, and was again made the text for a commentary longer than itself by Milton's adversary, Salmasius.

There is no stain upon the consistent nobleness of these Discourses. One can point out some omissions, some points where our subtle human organization eludes the simple system of Epictetus. But all which is here is noble. All the common complaints against the Stoic philosophy — all charges of arrogance, uncharitableness, cold isolation, approval of suicide — are refuted altogether by his clear statements. "What is the first business of one who studies

philosophy? To part with self-conceit" (I. 172). "That we ought not to be angry with the erring," forms the subject of a special chapter (I. 62). "All is full of beloved ones . . . by nature endeared to each other" (II. 91). "Who is there whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?" (I. 216.) The philosopher, "when beaten, must love those who beat him" (II. 72). As to suicide, there is a special argument against it (I. 35). In other places he alludes to it ironically, in a sort of contempt; or vindicates Providence by showing that we are not coerced even into living on earth, if we do not desire, but even in this last resort our will is free. He also implies, more than once, that suicide, which is the cowardice of a moment, is after all less blasphemous than the settled habit of faithless complaint. For this querulousness is what rouses beyond all things his indignation.

In his practical examples he constantly recurs to the noblest traits of his famous predecessors, — as Socrates, Diogenes, and Zeno; and he also gives us glimpses of the finest characters, whose names are else unfamiliar, — as Rufus and Euphrates. Indeed, all his standards are practical; he denounces, satirizes, and riddles through and through all pretenders to philos-

ophy, all mere logicians or rhapsodists; and brings all to the test of practical righteousness. Indeed, it is a favorite suggestion of his that no man should ever profess to be a philosopher, but that each should leave this character to be inferred from his actions. "It is not reasonings that are wanted now," he says, "for there are books stuffed full of stoical reasonings. What is wanted, then? The man who shall apply them; whose actions may bear testimony to his doctrines. Assume this character for me, that we may no longer make use in the schools of the examples of the ancients, but may have some examples of our own" (I. 104).

So far as the scanty record goes, and the testimony of contemporaries, Epictetus was himself such a man. He was probably born at Hierapolis in Phrygia, and he lived at Rome, in the first century of our era, as the slave of Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero. Origen preserves an anecdote of Epictetus, that when his master once put his leg in the torture, his philosophic slave quietly remarked, "You will break my leg;" and when this presently happened, he added, in the same tone, "Did I not tell you so?" He afterwards became free, and lived very frugally at Rome, teaching philosophy. Simplicius says that the whole fur-

niture of his house consisted of a bed, a cooking-vessel, and an earthen lamp; and Lucian ridicules a man who bought the latter, after his death, in hopes to become a philosopher by using it.

When Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, Epictetus retired to Nicopolis, a city of Epirus, where he taught as before. He still lived in the same frugal way, his only companions being a young child, whom he adopted, in the later years of his life, because its parents abandoned it, and a woman whom he employed as its nurse. He suffered from extreme lameness, and, according to his contemporary, Aulus Gellius, composed a couplet to proclaim his gratitude to the gods, in spite of these misfortunes: "Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body, an Irus in poverty, and favored by the Immortals."[1] After Hadrian became Emperor (A. D. 117), Epictetus was treated with favor, but probably did not return to Rome. In these later years of his life, his discourses were written down by his disciple Arrian, a man of the highest character, both as a philosopher and as an

[1] Aulus Gellius, Noctes Atticæ, B. II. c. 18. Salmasius, however, doubts the genuineness of this passage. (Com., ed. 1640, p. 3.) The same epigram has been attributed to Leonidas of Tarentum.

historian. But four of the original eight books remain. The date of Epictetus's death is entirely unknown.

Marcus Aurelius ranked this philosopher with Socrates, and Origen thought that his writings had done more good than those of Plato. In modern times, Niebuhr has said of him, "Epictetus's greatness cannot be questioned, and it is impossible for any person of sound mind not to be charmed by his works." I am acquainted with no book more replete with high conceptions of the Deity and noble aims for man; nor do I know any in which the inevitable laws of retribution are more grandly stated, with less of merely childish bribery or threatening. It is pathetic to see good Mrs. Carter apologizing for this elevation of thought as if it were a weakness, and to find Merivale censuring it as "a low and popular view" to represent vice as its own punishment and virtue as its own reward. It is not, however, my object to vindicate these plain principles, but to let them speak for themselves, with as much as possible of their original clearness.

It has not seemed to me strange, but very natural, to pass from camp life to the study of Epictetus. Where should a student find contentment in enforced withdrawal from active

service, if not in "the still air of delightful studies"? There seemed a special appropriateness, also, in coming to this work from a camp of colored soldiers, whose great exemplar, Toussaint l'Ouverture, made the works of this his fellow-slave a favorite manual. Moreover, the return of peace seems a fitting time to call anew the public attention to those eternal principles on which alone true prosperity is based, and, in a period of increasing religious toleration, to revive the voice of one who bore witness to the highest spiritual truths, ere the present sects were born.

T. W. H.

NEWPORT, R. I., 1865.

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THE DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS.

ARRIAN TO LUCIUS GELLIUS

WISHETH ALL HAPPINESS.

I NEITHER composed the Discourses of Epictetus in the sense in which things of this nature can properly be said to have been composed, nor did I myself produce them to public view, any more than I composed them. But whatever I heard from his own mouth, that I tried to set down in the very same words, so far as possible, and to preserve as memorials for my own use, of his manner of thinking, and his frank utterance.

These Discourses are such as one person would naturally deliver from his own thoughts, *extempore*, to another; not such as he would prepare to be read by others afterwards. Such as they are, I cannot tell how, without either my consent or knowledge, they have fallen into the hands of the public. But it is of little consequence to me if I do not appear an able writer, and of none to Epictetus if any one treats his

Discourses with contempt; since it was very evident, even when he uttered them, that he aimed at nothing more than to move the minds of his hearers toward virtue. If they produce that one effect, they have in them what, I think, philosophical discourses ought to have. And should they fail of it, let the readers however be assured, that when Epictetus himself pronounced them, his audience could not help being affected in the very manner he intended they should. If by themselves his Discourses have less efficacy, perhaps it is my fault, or perhaps it is unavoidable.

Farewell.

THE DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE THINGS WHICH ARE, AND THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT IN OUR OWN POWER.

OF human faculties in general, you will find that each is unable to contemplate itself, and therefore to approve or disapprove itself. How far does the proper sphere of grammar extend? As far as the judging of language. Of music? As far as the judging of melody. Does either of them contemplate itself, then? By no means.

Thus, for instance, when you are to write to your friend, grammar will tell you what to write; but whether you are to write to your friend at all, or no, grammar will not tell you. Thus music, with regard to tunes; but whether it be proper or improper, at any particular time, to sing or play, music will not tell you.

What will tell, then?

That faculty which contemplates both itself and all other things.

And what is that?

The Reasoning Faculty; for that alone is found able to place an estimate upon itself, — what it is, what are its powers, what its value and likewise all the rest. For what is it else that says, gold is beautiful? since the gold itself does not speak. Evidently, that faculty which judges of the appearances of things.[1] What else distinguishes music, grammar, the other faculties, proves their uses, and shows their proper occasions?

Nothing but this.

As it was fit, then, this most excellent and superior faculty alone, a right use of the appearances of things, the gods have placed in our own power; but all other matters they have not placed in our power. What, was it because they would not? I rather think that, if they could, they had granted us these too; but they

[1] The word (*φαντασίαι*) here translated "the appearances of things," will sometimes be found rendered, in other passages, "the phenomena of existence," and sometimes "things as they appear." It was a favorite word with the Stoics, and can be adequately translated by no single English word, or even phrase, — implying as it does not merely the uncertainty of all impressions, but the unimportance of the emotions they involved. Fortunately for translators, Epictetus cared very little for metaphysical subtilties, and very much for his few and simple ethical principles; so that it is rarely difficult to make his meaning clear. — H.

certainly could not. For, placed upon earth, and confined to such a body and to such companions, how was it possible that, in these respects, we should not be hindered by things outside of us?

But what says Zeus? "O Epictetus, if it had been possible, I had made this little body and property of thine free, and not liable to hindrance. But now do not mistake; it is not thy own, but only a finer mixture of clay. Since, then, I could not give thee this, I have given thee a certain portion of myself; this faculty of exerting the powers of pursuit and avoidance, of desire and aversion, and, in a word, the use of the appearances of things. Taking care of this point, and making what is thy own to consist in this, thou wilt never be restrained, never be hindered; thou wilt not groan, wilt not complain, wilt not flatter any one. How, then? Do all these advantages seem small to thee? Heaven forbid! Let them suffice thee, then, and thank the gods."

But now, when it is in our power to take care of one thing, and to apply ourselves to one, we choose rather to take care of many, and to encumber ourselves with many, — body, property, brother, friend, child, and slave, — and, by this multiplicity of encumbrances, we are burdened and weighed down. Thus, when the weather does not happen to be fair for sailing, we sit in distress and gaze out perpetually. Which way is the wind? North. What good will that do us? When will the west blow? When it pleases,

friend, or when Æolus pleases; for Zeus has not made you dispenser of the winds, but Æolus.

What, then, is to be done?

To make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it occurs.

And how does it occur?

As it pleases God.

What, then, must I be the only one to lose my head?

Why, would you have all the world, then, lose their heads for your consolation? Why are not you willing to stretch out your neck, like Lateranus,[1] when he was commanded by Nero to be beheaded? For, shrinking a little after receiving a weak blow, he stretched it out again. And before this, when Epaphroditus,[2] the freedman of Nero, interrogated him about the conspiracy, "If I have a mind to say anything," replied he, "I will tell it to your master."

What resource have we, then, upon such occasions? Why, what else but to distinguish between what is

[1] Plautius Lateranus, a consul elect, was put to death by the command of Nero, for being privy to the conspiracy of Piso. His execution was so sudden that he was not permitted to take leave of his wife and children, but was hurried into a place appropriated to the punishment of slaves, and there killed by the hand of the tribune Statius. He suffered in obstinate silence, and without making any reproach to Statius, who was concerned in the same plot for which he himself was punished. TACITUS, Ann. xv. c. 60. — C.

[2] Epaphroditus was the master of requests and freedman of Nero, and the master of Epictetus. He assisted Nero in killing himself, for which he was condemned to death by Domitian. SUETONIUS in Vita Neronis, c. 49; Domit. c. 14. — C.

ours, and what not *ours*, — what is right, and what is wrong? I must die, and must I die groaning too? I must be fettered; must I be lamenting too? I must be exiled; and what hinders me, then, but that I may go smiling, and cheerful, and serene? "Betray a secret." I will not betray it, for this is in my own power. "Then I will fetter you." What do you say, man? Fetter me? You will fetter my leg, but not Zeus himself can get the better of my free will. "I will throw you into prison; I will behead that paltry body of yours." Did I ever tell you that I alone had a head not liable to be cut off? These things ought philosophers to study; these ought they daily to write, and in these to exercise themselves.

Thraseas[1] used to say, "I had rather be killed to-day than banished to-morrow." But how did Rufus[2] answer him? "If you prefer it as a heavier misfortune, how foolish a preference! If as a lighter, who has put it in your power? Why do you not study to be contented with what is allotted you?"

[1] Thraseas Pætus, a Stoic philosopher put to death by Nero. He was husband of Arria, so well known by that beautiful epigram in Martial. The expression of Tacitus concerning him is remarkable: "After the murder of so many excellent persons, Nero at last formed a desire of cutting off virtue itself, by the execution of Thraseas Pætus and Bareas Soranus." Ann. xvi. c. 21. — C.

[2] Rufus was a Tuscan, of the equestrian order, and a Stoic philosopher. When Vespasian banished the other philosophers, Rufus was alone excepted. — C.

Well, and what said Agrippinus[1] upon this account? "I will not be a hindrance to myself." Word was brought him, "Your cause is pending in the senate." "Good luck attend it; but it is eleven o'clock" (the hour when he used to exercise before bathing), — "let us go to our exercise." This being over, a messenger tells him, "You are condemned." "To banishment," says he, "or to death?" "To banishment." "What of my estate?" "It is not taken away." "Well, then, let us go as far as Aricia,[2] and dine there."

This it is to have studied what ought to be studied; to have placed our desires and aversions above tyranny and above chance. I must die, — if instantly, I will die instantly; if in a short time, I will dine first, and when the hour comes, then will I die. How? As becomes one who restores what is not his own.

[1] Agrippinus was banished by Nero, for no other crime than the unfortunate death of his father, who had been causelessly killed by the command of Tiberius; and this had furnished a pretence for accusing him of hereditary disloyalty. TACITUS, Ann. xvi. c. 28, 29. — C.

[2] Aricia, a town about sixteen miles from Rome, the first stage in his road to banishment. — C.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHAT MANNER, UPON EVERY OCCASION, TO PRESERVE OUR CHARACTER.

TO a reasonable creature, that alone is insupportable which is unreasonable, but everything reasonable may be supported. Stripes are not in themselves insupportable. "How so?" See how the Spartans[1] bear whipping, after they have learned that it is a reasonable thing. Hanging is not insupportable; for, as soon as a man has taken it into his head that it is reasonable, he goes and hangs himself. In short, we shall find by observation that no creature is oppressed so much by anything as by what is unreasonable; nor on the other hand, attracted to anything so strongly, as to what is reasonable.

But it happens that different things are reasonable and unreasonable, as well as good and bad, advantageous and disadvantageous, to different persons. On this account, chiefly, we stand in need of a liberal education, to teach us to adapt the preconceptions of reasonable and unreasonable to particular cases, con-

[1] The Spartans, to make a trial of the fortitude of their children, used to have them publicly whipped at the altar of Artemis; and often with so much severity that they expired. The boys supported this exercise with so much constancy as never to cry out, nor even groan. — C.

formably to nature. But to judge of reasonable and unreasonable, we make use not only of a due estimation of things without us, but of what relates to each person's particular character. Thus, it is reasonable for one man to submit to a menial office, who considers this only, that if he does not submit to it he shall be whipt and lose his dinner, but that if he does, he has nothing hard or disagreeable to suffer; whereas to another it appears insupportable, not only to submit to such an office himself, but to respect any one else who does. If you ask me, then, whether you shall do this menial office or not, I will tell you it is a pleasanter thing to get a dinner than not, and a greater disgrace to be whipt than not to be whipt; so that, if you measure yourself by these things, go and do your office.

"Ay, but this is not suitable to my character."

It is you who are to consider that, not I; for it is you who know yourself, what value you set upon yourself, and at what rate you sell yourself; for different people sell themselves at different prices.

Hence Agrippinus,[1] when Florus was deliberating whether he should go to Nero's shows, and perform some part in them himself, bid him go. "But why do not you go, then?" says Florus. "Because," re-

[1] Nero was remarkably fond of theatrical entertainments, and used to introduce upon the stage the descendants of noble families, whom want had rendered venal. TACITUS, Ann. xiv. c. 14. — C.

plied Agrippinus, "I do not deliberate about it." For he who once sets himself about such considerations, and goes to calculating the worth of external things, approaches very near to those who forget their own character. Why, then, do you ask me whether death or life be the more eligible? I answer, life. Pain or pleasure? I answer, pleasure. "But if I do not act a part, I shall lose my head." Go and act it, then, but I will not. "Why?" Because you esteem yourself only as one thread of many that make up the piece. "What then?" You have nothing to care for, but how to be like the rest of mankind, as one thread desires not to be distinguished from the others. But I would be the purple,[1] that small and brilliant part, which gives a lustre and beauty to the rest. Why, then, do you bid me resemble the multitude? At that rate, how shall I be the purple?

This Priscus Helvidius,[2] too, saw, and acted accordingly; for when Vespasian had sent to forbid his going to the Senate, he answered, "It is in your power to prevent my continuing a senator; but while I am one I must go." — "Well, then, at least be silent

[1] An allusion to the purple border which distinguished the dress of the Roman nobility. — C.

[2] Helvidius Priscus was no less remarkable for his learning and philosophy than for the sanctity of his manners and the love of his country. He behaved, however, with too much haughtiness on several occasions, to Vespasian, who sentenced him to death with great reluctance, and even forbade the execution when it was too late. SUETON. in Vesp. § 15. — C.

there." "Do not ask my opinion and I will be silent." — "But I must ask it." "And I must speak what appears to me to be right." — "But if you do, I will put you to death." "When did I ever tell you that I was immortal? You will do your part, and I mine; it is yours to kill, and mine to die intrepid; yours to banish, mine to depart untroubled."

What good, then, did Priscus do, who was but a single person? Why, what good does the purple do to the garment? What, but to be beautiful in itself, and to set a good example to the rest? Another, perhaps, if in such circumstances Cæsar had forbidden his going to the Senate, would have answered, "I am obliged to you for excusing me." But such a one he would not have forbidden to go, — well knowing that he would either sit like a statue, or, if he spoke, would say what he knew to be agreeable to Cæsar, and would overdo it by adding still more.

Thus acted even a wrestler, who was in danger of death, unless he consented to an ignominious amputation. His brother, who was a philosopher, coming to him, and saying "Well, brother, what do you design to do? Let us cut away this part, and return again to the field." He refused, and courageously died.

When it was asked whether he acted thus as a wrestler, or a philosopher, I answer, as a man, said Epictetus; but as a man who had been proclaimed a champion at the Olympic games; who had been used to such places, and not exercised merely in the school

of Bato.[1] Another would have had his very head cut off, if he could have lived without it. This is that regard to character, so powerful with those who are accustomed to introduce it, from their own breasts, into their deliberations.

"Come now, Epictetus, take off your beard."[2] If I am a philosopher, I answer, I will not take it off. — "Then I will take off your head." If that will do you any good, take it.

It was asked, How shall each of us perceive what belongs to his character? Whence, replied Epictetus, does a bull, when the lion approaches, alone recognize his own qualifications, and expose himself alone for the whole herd? It is evident that with the qualifications occurs, at the same time, the consciousness of being indued with them. And in the same manner, whoever of us hath such qualifications will not be ignorant of them. But neither is a bull nor a gallant-spirited man formed all at once. We are to exercise, and qualify ourselves, and not to run rashly upon what doth not concern us.

Only consider at what price you sell your own free will, O man! — if only that you may not sell it for a trifle. The highest greatness and excellence perhaps seem to belong to others, to such as Socrates. Why,

[1] Bato was a famous master of the Olympic exercises. — C.

[2] Domitian ordered all the philosophers to be banished. To avoid this inconvenience, those who had a mind to disguise their profession, took off their beards. — C.

then, as we are born with a like nature, do not all, or the greater number, become such as he? Why, are all horses swift? Are all dogs sagacious? What, then, because my gifts are humble shall I neglect all care of myself? Heaven forbid! Epictetus may not surpass Socrates, — granted; but could I overtake him it might be enough for me. I shall never be Milo, and yet I do not neglect my body; nor Crœsus, and yet I do not neglect my property; nor should we omit any effort from a despair of arriving at the highest.

CHAPTER III.

HOW, FROM THE DOCTRINE THAT GOD IS THE FATHER OF MANKIND, WE MAY PROCEED TO ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IF a person could be persuaded of this principle as he ought, that we are all originally descended from God, and that he is the father of men and gods, I conceive he never would think of himself meanly or ignobly. Suppose Cæsar were to adopt you, there would be no bearing your haughty looks; and will you not feel ennobled on knowing yourself to be the son of God? Yet, in fact, we are not ennobled. But having two things united in our composition, a body in common with the brutes, and reason in common with the gods, many incline to this unhappy and mortal kindred, and only some few to that which is happy

and divine. And, as of necessity every one must treat each particular thing according to the notions he forms about it, so those few who suppose that they are made for faith and honor and a wise use of things will never think meanly or ignobly concerning themselves. But with the multitude the case is contrary. "For what am I? A poor contemptible man, with this miserable flesh of mine?" Miserable indeed; but you have likewise something better than this poor flesh. Why, then, overlooking that, do you pine away in attention to this?

By means of this [animal] kindred some of us, deviating towards it, become like wolves, faithless, and crafty, and mischievous; others, like lions, wild and savage and untamed; but most of us foxes, and disgraceful even among brutes. For what else is a slanderous and ill-natured man but a fox, or something yet more wretched and mean? Watch and take heed, then, that you do not sink thus low.

CHAPTER IV.

OF PROGRESS.

HE who is entering on a state of progress, having learned from the philosophers that good should be sought and evil shunned, and having learned, too, that prosperity and peace are no otherwise at-

tainable by man than in not missing what he seeks, nor incurring what he shuns, — such a one totally extirpates and banishes all wayward desire, and shuns only those things over which he can have control. For if he should attempt to shun those things over which he has no control, he knows that he must sometimes incur that which he shuns, and be unhappy. Now if virtue promises happiness, prosperity, and peace, then progress in virtue is certainly progress in each of these. For to whatever point the perfection of anything absolutely brings us, progress is always an approach towards it.

How happens it, then, that when we confess virtue to be such, yet we seek, and make an ostentatious show of progress in other things! What is the business of virtue?

A life truly prosperous.

Who is in a state of progress, then? He who has best studied Chrysippus?[1] Why, does virtue consist in having read Chrysippus through? If so, progress is confessedly nothing else than understanding a great deal of Chrysippus; otherwise we confess virtue to consist in one thing, and declare progress, which is an approach to it, to be quite another thing.

This person, they say, is already able to understand Chrysippus, by himself. "Certainly, sir, you have

[1] Chrysippus was regarded as the highest authority among the later Stoics; but not one of his seven hundred volumes has come down to posterity. — H.

made a vast improvement!" What improvement? Why do you delude him? Why do you withdraw him from a sense of his real needs? Why do not you show him the real function of virtue, that he may know where to seek progress? Seek it there, O unfortunate, where your work lies. And where does your work lie? In learning what to seek and what to shun, that you may neither be disappointed of the one nor incur the other; in practising how to pursue and how to avoid, that you may not be liable to fail; in practising intellectual assent and doubt, that you may not be liable to be deceived. These are the first and most necessary things. But if you merely seek, in trembling and lamentation, to keep away all possible ills, what real progress have you made?

Show me then your progress in this point. As if I should say to a wrestler, Show me your muscle; and he should answer me, "See my dumb-bells." Your dumb-bells are your own affair; I desire to see the effect of them.

"Take the treatise on the active powers, and see how thoroughly I have perused it."

I do not inquire into this, O slavish man, but how you exert those powers, how you manage your desires and aversions, your intentions and purposes, how you meet events, — whether in accordance with nature's laws or contrary to them. If in accordance, give me evidence of that, and I will say you improve; if the contrary, you may go your way, and not only

comment on these treatises, but write such yourself; and yet what service will it do you? Do not you know that the whole volume is sold for five denarii? Does he who comments upon it, then, value himself at more than that sum? Never make your life to lie in one thing and yet seek progress in another.

Where is progress, then?

If any of you, withdrawing himself from externals, turns to his own will, to train, and perfect, and render it conformable to nature, — noble, free, unrestrained, unhindered, faithful, humble; — if he has learned, too, that whoever desires or shuns things beyond his own power can neither be faithful nor free, but must necessarily take his chance with them, must necessarily too be subject to others, to such as can procure or prevent what he desires or shuns; if, rising in the morning, he observes and keeps to these rules; bathes regularly, eats frugally, and to every subject of action applies the same fixed principles, — if a racer to racing, if an orator to oratory, — this is he who truly makes progress; this is he who has not labored in vain. But if he is wholly intent on reading books, and has labored that point only, and travelled for that, I bid him go home immediately and do his daily duties; since that which he sought is nothing.

The only real thing is to study how to rid life of lamentation, and complaint, and *Alas!* and *I am undone*, and misfortune, and failure; and to learn what death, what exile, what a prison, what poison is; that

he may be able to say in a prison, like Socrates, "My dear Crito, if it thus pleases the gods, thus let it be;" and not, "Wretched old man, have I kept my gray hairs for this!" [Do you ask] who speaks thus? Do you think I quote some mean and despicable person? Is it not Priam who says it? Is it not Œdipus? Nay, how many kings say it? For what else is tragedy but the dramatized sufferings of men, bewildered by an admiration of externals? If one were to be taught by fictions that things beyond our will are nothing to us, I should rejoice in such a fiction, by which I might live prosperous and serene. But what your own aims are, it is your business to consider.

Of what service, then, is Chrysippus to us?

To teach you that those things are not false on which true prosperity and peace depend. "Take my books, and you will see how true and conformable to nature those things are which give me peace." How great a happiness! And how great the benefactor who shows the way! To Triptolemus all men have raised temples and altars, because he gave us a milder kind of food;[1] but to him who has discovered and brought to light and communicated the truth to all, — the means, not merely of living, but of living well, — who among you ever raised an altar or a temple, or dedicated a statue; or who worships God in his name?

[1] Triptolemus was said to have introduced agriculture and vegetable food among men, under the guidance of Demeter. — H.

We offer sacrifices in memory of those who have given us corn and the vine; and shall we not give thanks to God for those who have nurtured such fruit in the human breast, — even the truth which makes us blessed?

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING THE ACADEMICS.[1]

IT is said that there are those who will oppose very evident truths, and yet it is not easy to find a reason which may persuade such an one to alter his opinion. This may arise neither from his own strength nor from the weakness of his teacher; but when a man becomes obstinate in error, reason cannot always reach him.

Now there are two sorts of obstinacy: the one, of the intellect; the other, of the will. A man may obstinately set himself not to assent to evident truths, nor to quit the defence of contradictions. We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it; but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul. And yet, indeed, even with regard to the soul, when a person is so affected as not to apprehend or understand anything, we think him in a sad condition; but where the emo-

[1] The New Academy denied the existence of any universal truths. — H.

tions of shame and modesty are under an absolute paralysis, we go so far as even to call this strength of mind!

Are you certain that you are awake? "I am not," replies such a person, "for neither am I certain when in dreaming I appear to myself to be awake." Is there no difference, then, between these appearances? "None." Shall I argue with this man any longer? For what steel or what caustic can I apply, to make him sensible of his paralysis? If he is sensible of it, and pretends not to be so, he is even worse than dead. He sees not his inconsistency, or, seeing it, holds to the wrong. He moves not, makes no progress; he rather falls back. His sense of shame is gone; his reasoning faculty is not gone, but brutalized. Shall I call *this* strength of mind? By no means, — unless we allow it to be such in the vilest debauchees publicly to speak and act out their worst impulses.

CHAPTER VI.

OF PROVIDENCE.

FOR every event that happens in the world it is easy to give thanks to Providence, if a person has but these two qualities in himself: a habit of closely considering what happens to each individual,

and a grateful temper. Without the first, he will not perceive the usefulness of things which happen; and without the other, he will not be thankful for them. If God had made colors, and had not made the faculty of seeing them, what would have been their use? None. On the other hand, if he had made the faculty of observation, without objects to observe, what would have been the use of that? None. Again, if he had formed both the faculty and the objects, but had not made the light of day? Neither in that case would they have been of any use.

Who is it, then, that has fitted each of these to the other? Who is it that has fitted the sword to the scabbard, and the scabbard to the sword? Is there no such Being? From the very construction of a complete work, we are used to declare positively that it must be the operation of some artificer, and not the effect of mere chance. Does every such work, then, demonstrate an artificer, and do not visible objects, and the sense of seeing, and light, demonstrate one? Do not the difference of the sexes, and their inclination to each other, and the use of their several powers, — do not these things demonstrate an artificer? Most certainly they do.

But further; this constitution of understanding, by which we are not simply impressed by sensible objects, but take and subtract and add and combine, and pass from point to point by inference, — is not all this sufficient to prevail on some men, and make them

ashamed of leaving an artificer out of their scheme? If not, let them explain to us what the power is that effects each of these, and how it is possible that chance should produce things so wonderful, and which carry such marks of design.

What, then, do these things belong to us alone?

Many, indeed, — such as are peculiarly necessary for a reasonable creature; but you will find many which are common to us with mere animals.

Then, do they too understand what happens?

Not at all; for use is one affair, and understanding another. But God had need of animals to make use of things, and of us to understand that use. It is sufficient, therefore, for them to eat, and drink, and sleep, and continue their species, and perform other such offices as belong to each of them; but to us, to whom He has given likewise a faculty of understanding, these offices are not sufficient. For if we do not proceed in a wise and systematic manner, and suitably to the nature and constitution of each thing, we shall never attain our end. For where the constitution of beings is different, their offices and ends are different likewise. Thus where the constitution is adapted only to use, there use is alone sufficient; but where understanding is added to use, unless that too be duly exercised the end of such a being will never be attained.

Well, then, each of the animals is constituted either for food, or husbandry, to produce milk, or for some other like use; and for these purposes what

need is there of understanding things, and being able to discriminate concerning them? But God has introduced man, as a spectator of Himself and of his works; and not only as a spectator, but an interpreter of them. It is therefore shameful that man should begin and end where irrational creatures do. He is indeed to begin there, but to end where nature itself has fixed our end; and that is, in contemplation and understanding, and in a scheme of life conformable to nature.

Take care, then, not to die without the contemplation of these things. You take a journey to Olympia to behold the work of Phidias, and each of you thinks it a misfortune to die without a knowledge of such things; and will you have no inclination to see and understand those works for which there is no need to take a journey, but which are ready and at hand even to those who bestow no pains! Will you never perceive what you are, or for what you were born, or for what purpose you are admitted to behold this spectacle?"

"But there are in life some things unpleasant and difficult."

And are there none at Olympia? Are you not heated? Are you not crowded? Are you not without good conveniences for bathing? Are you not wet through when it happens to rain? Do you not have uproar, and noise, and other disagreeable circumstances? But, I suppose, by comparing all these with

the merit of the spectacle, you support and endure them. Well, and have you not received faculties by which you may support every event [of life]? Have you not received greatness of soul? Have you not received a manly spirit? Have you not received patience? What signifies to me anything that happens, while my soul is above it? What shall disconcert or trouble or appear grievous to me? Shall I neglect to use my powers to that purpose for which I received them; and shall I lament and groan at every casualty?

"True, no doubt; but I have such a disagreeable catarrh!" Attend to your diseases, then, as best you can. Do you say it is unreasonable that there should be such a discomfort in the world?

And how much better is it that you should have a catarrh than complain? Pray, what figure do you think Hercules would have made if there had not been a lion, and a hydra, and a stag, and unjust and brutal men, whom he expelled and cleared away? And what would he have done if none of these had existed? Is it not plain that he must have wrapped himself up and slept? In the first place, then, he would never have become a Hercules by slumbering away his whole life in such delicacy and ease; or if he had, what good would it have done? What would have been the use of his arm and his strength, of his patience and greatness of mind, if such circumstances and subjects of action had not roused and exercised him?

What, then, must we provide these things for ourselves; and introduce a boar and a lion and a hydra into our country?

This would be madness and folly. But as they were in being, and to be met with, they were proper subjects to call out and exercise Hercules. Do you therefore likewise, being sensible of this, consider the faculties you have, and after taking a view of them say, "Bring on me now, O Zeus, what difficulty thou wilt, for I have faculties granted me by thee, and powers by which I may win honor from every event"? No; but you sit trembling, for fear this or that should happen, and lamenting and mourning and groaning at what doth happen; and then you accuse the gods! In what does such baseness end but in impiety? And yet God has not only granted these faculties by which we may bear every event without being depressed or broken by it, but, like a good prince and a true father, has placed their exercise above restraint, compulsion, or hindrance, and wholly within our own control; nor has he reserved a power, even to himself, of hindering or restraining them. Having these things free, and your own, will you not use them, nor consider what you have received, nor from whom? But you sit groaning and lamenting, some of you, blind to him who gave them, and not acknowledging your benefactor; while others basely turn themselves to complaints and accusations against God! I undertake to show you that you have means

and faculties to exhibit greatness of soul, and a manly spirit; but what occasion you have to find fault and complain, do you show me if you can.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE USE OF THE FORMS OF RIGHT REASONING.

IT is not understood by most persons that the proper use of inferences and hypotheses and interrogations, and logical forms generally, has any relation to the duties of life. In every matter of action the question is, how a wise and good man may come honestly and consistently out of it. We must admit, therefore, either that the wise man will not engage in difficult problems or that, if he does, he will not think it worth his care to deal with them thoroughly; or if we allow neither of these alternatives, it is necessary to confess that some examination ought to be made of those points on which the solution of these problems chiefly depends. For what is reasoning? To lay down true positions, to reject false ones, and to suspend the judgment in doubtful ones. Is it enough, then, to have learned merely this? It is enough, say you. Is it enough, then, for him who would not commit any mistake in the use of money, merely to have heard that we are to receive the good pieces, and to reject the bad? This is not enough. What must be

added besides? That skill which tries and distinguishes what pieces are good, what bad. Therefore, in reasoning too, the definition just given is not enough; but it is necessary that we should be able to prove and distinguish between the true and the false and the doubtful. This is clear.

And what further is attempted in reasoning? To admit the logical consequence of whatever you have properly granted. Well, and is it enough merely to know this necessity? It is not; but we must learn how it happens that such a thing is the consequence of such another, and when one thing follows from one premise, and when from many premises. Is it not moreover necessary that he who would acquit himself skilfully in reasoning should both himself demonstrate whatever he asserts and be able to comprehend the demonstrations of others, and not be deceived by such as use sophistry as if they were reasoning fairly? Hence arises the use and practice of logical forms; and it appears to be indispensable.

But it may possibly happen that from the premises which we have honestly granted there arises some consequence which, though false in itself, is nevertheless a fair inference. What then ought I to do? To admit a falsehood? Impossible. To take back my concessions? But this will not be allowed. Or assert that the consequence does not fairly follow from the premises? Nor is even this practicable. What, then, is to be done in the case? Is it not this? As

the having once borrowed money is not enough to make a person a debtor, unless he still continues to owe money and has not paid it, so the having granted the premises is not enough to make it necessary to grant the inference, unless we continue our concessions. If the premises continue to the end such as they were when the concessions were made, it is absolutely necessary to continue the concessions, and to admit what follows from them. But if the premises do not continue such as they were when the concession was made, it is absolutely necessary to revoke the concession, and refuse to accept the inference. For this inference is no consequence of ours, nor belongs to us, when we have revoked the concession of the premises. We ought then thoroughly to consider our premises and their different aspects, on which any one, by laying hold, — either on the question itself or on the answer, or on the inference, or elswhere, — may embarrass the unthinking who did not foresee the result. So that in this way we may not be led into any unbecoming or confused position.

The same thing is to be observed in hypotheses and hypothetical arguments. For it is sometimes necessary to require some hypothesis to be granted, as a kind of step to the rest of the argument. Is every given hypothesis, then, to be granted, or not every one? and if not every one, which? And is he who has granted an hypothesis forever to abide by it! Or is he sometimes to revoke it, and admit only conse-

quences, but not to admit contradictions? Ay, but a person may say, on your admitting a possible hypothesis, "I will drive you upon an impossibility." With such a one as this, shall the wise man never engage, but avoid all argument and conversation with him? And yet who beside the wise man is capable of treating an argument, or who beside is sagacious in reasoning, and incapable of being deceived and imposed on by sophistry? Or will he indeed engage, but without regarding whether he behaves rashly and heedlessly in the argument? Yet how, then, can he be wise, as we are supposing him? and without some such exercise and preparation, how can he hold his own? If this could be shown, then indeed all these forms of reasoning would be superfluous and absurd, and unconnected with our idea of the virtuous man.

Why, then, are we still indolent, and slothful, and sluggish, seeking pretences of avoiding labor? Shall we not be watchful to render reason itself accurate? "But suppose, after all, I should make a mistake in these points, — it is not as if I had killed my father." O slavish man, in this case you had no father to kill; but the only fault that you could commit in this instance, you have committed. This very thing I myself said to Rufus when he reproved me for not finding the weak point in some syllogism. "Why," said I, "have I burnt the capitol then?" "Slave!" answered he, "was the thing here involved the capitol? Or are there no other faults but burning the capitol, or

killing a father?" And is it no fault to treat rashly, and vainly, and heedlessly, the things which pass before our eyes, — not to comprehend a reason, nor a demonstration, nor a sophism; nor, in short, to see what is strong in reasoning and what is weak? Is there nothing wrong in this?

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT LOGICAL SUBTLETIES ARE NOT SAFE TO THE UNINSTRUCTED.

IN as many ways as equivalent syllogisms may be varied, in so many may the technical forms be varied likewise. As, for instance: "If you had borrowed and not paid, you owe me money; but you have not borrowed and not paid; therefore you do not owe me money." To perform these processes skilfully, is held to be the peculiar mark of a philosopher. For if an enthymema be an imperfect syllogism, he who is versed in the perfect syllogism must be equally ready to detect an imperfect one.

"Why, then, do not we exercise ourselves and others after this manner?"

Because, even now, though we are not wholly absorbed in these things, nor diverted, by me at least, from the study of morality, yet we make no eminent advances in virtue. What is to be expected, then, if

we should add this avocation too? Especially as it would not only withdraw us from more necessary studies, but likewise afford a capital occasion of conceit and insolence. For the faculty of arguing and of persuasive reasoning is great; and particularly, if it is constantly practised, and receives an additional ornament from rhetoric. In general, every such faculty is dangerous to weak and uninstructed persons, as being apt to render them arrogant and elated. For by what method can one persuade a young man who excels in these kinds of study that he ought not to be an appendage to these accomplishments, but they to him? Will he not trample upon all such advice, and walk about elated and puffed up, not bearing that any one should touch him, to put him in mind where he is wanting, and in what he goes wrong?

"What, then, was not Plato a philosopher?"

Well, and was not Hippocrates a physician? Yet you see how he expresses himself. But what has his style to do with his professional qualities? Why do you confound things accidentally united in the same men? If Plato was handsome and well made, must I too set myself to becoming handsome and well made, — as if this was necessary to philosophy, because a certain person happened to be at once handsome and a philosopher? Why will you not perceive and distinguish what are the things that make men philosophers, and what belong to them on other accounts? Pray,

if I were a philosopher, would it be necessary that you should be lame too [like me]?

What then? Do I reject these special faculties? By no means; neither do I reject the faculty of seeing. But if you ask me what is the good of man, I know not where it lies save in dealing wisely with the phenomena of existence.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW FROM THE DOCTRINE OF OUR RELATIONSHIP TO GOD WE ARE TO DEDUCE ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IF what philosophers say of the kinship between God and men be true, what has any one to do but, like Socrates, when he is asked what countryman he is, never to say that he is a citizen of Athens, or of Corinth, but of the universe? For why, if you limit yourself to Athens, do you not farther limit yourself to that mere corner of Athens where your body was brought forth? Is it not, evidently, from some larger local tie, which comprehends, not only that corner and your whole house, but the whole country of your fathers, that you call yourself an Athenian, or a Corinthian? He, then, who understands the administration of the universe, and has learned that the principal and greatest and most comprehensive of all things is this vast system, extending from men to God; and that

from Him the seeds of being are descended not only to one's father or grandfather, but to all things that are produced and born on earth; and especially to rational natures, since they alone are qualified to partake of a communication with the Deity, being connected with him by reason, — why may not such a one call himself a citizen of the universe! Why not a son of God? And why shall he fear any thing that happens among men? Shall kinship to Cæsar, or any other of the great at Rome, enable a man to live secure, above contempt, and void of all fear whatever; and shall not the having God for our maker, and father, and guardian, free us from griefs and alarms?

"But wherewithal shall I be fed? For I have nothing."

To what do fugitive slaves trust when they run away from their masters? Is it to their estates, — their servants, — their plate? To nothing but themselves. Yet they do not fail to obtain the necessaries of life. And must a philosopher, think you, leave his own abode to rest and rely upon others, and not take care of himself? Must he be more helpless and anxious than the brute beasts? — each of which is self-sufficient, and wants neither proper food nor any suitable and natural provision. One would think that you would need an instructor, not to guard you from thinking too meanly or ignobly of yourselves, but that his business would be to rear up young men of such a spirit that, knowing their affinity to the gods,

and that we are as it were fettered by the body and its possessions, and by so many other things as are thus made needful for the daily pursuits of life, they should resolve to throw them all off, as both troublesome and useless, and depart to their divine kindred.

This is the work, if any, that ought to employ your master and preceptor if you had one, that you should come to him and say: "Epictetus, we can no longer bear being tied down to this poor body, — feeding, and resting, and cleaning it, and vexed with so many low cares on its account. Are not these things indifferent, and nothing to us, and death no evil? Are we not of kindred to God; and did we not come from him? Suffer us to go back thither from whence we came. Suffer us at length to be delivered from these fetters that bind and weigh us down. Here thieves and robbers, courts and tyrants, claim power over us, through the body and its possessions. Suffer us to show them that they have no power."

And in this case it would be my part to answer: "My friends, wait for God, till he shall give the signal and dismiss you from this service; then return to him. For the present, be content to remain at this post where he has placed you. The time of your abode here is short and easy to such as are disposed like you; for what tyrant, what robber, what thief, or what court can be formidable to those who thus count for nothing the body and its possessions. Stay, nor foolishly depart."

Thus ought the case to stand between a preceptor and ingenuous young men. But how stands it now? The preceptor has no life in him, and you have none. When you have had enough to-day, you sit weeping about to-morrow, in regard to how you shall get food. Why, if you have it, slave, you will have it; if not, you will go out of life. The door is open, why do you lament; what room remains for tears; what occasion for flattery? Why should any one person envy another? Why should he be impressed with awe by those who have great possessions, or are placed in high rank, — especially, if they are powerful and passionate? For what can they do to us? The things which they can do, we do not regard; the things about which we are concerned, they cannot reach. Who, then, after all, shall hold sway over a person thus disposed? How behaved Socrates in regard to these things? As it became one conscious of kinship with the gods. He said to his judges: —

"If you should tell me, 'We will acquit you upon condition that you shall no longer discourse in the manner you have hitherto done, nor make any disturbance among either our young or our old people,' I would answer: 'You are ridiculous in thinking that if your general had placed me in any post I ought to maintain and defend it, and choose to die a thousand times, rather than desert it, but that if God has assigned me any station or method of life, I ought to desert that for you.'"

This it is for a man to truly recognize his relationship with God. But we habitually think of ourselves as [made up of] mere stomach and intestines and bodily parts. Because we fear, because we desire, we flatter those who can help us in these matters; we dread them too.

A person desired me once to write for him to Rome. He was one vulgarly esteemed unfortunate, as he had been formerly illustrious and rich, and was afterwards stripped of all his possessions, and reduced to live here. I wrote for him in a submissive style; but after reading my letter he returned it to me and said: "I wanted your assistance, not your pity; for no evil has befallen me."

Thus Rufus, to try me, used to say, "This or that you will have from your master." When I answered him, "These are mere human affairs," "Why, then," says he, "should I intercede with him,[1] when you can receive from yourself things more important?" For what one has of his own, it is superfluous and vain to receive from another. Shall I, then, who can receive nobleness and a manly spirit from myself, receive an estate, or a sum of money, or a place, from you? Heaven forbid! I will not be so insensible of my own possessions. But if a person is fearful and abject, what else is necessary but to apply for permission to bury him as if he were dead? "Please forward to us

[1] This is a disputed passage, and something is probably lost. — H.

the corpse of such a one." For, in fact, such a one is that, and nothing more. If he were anything more, he would be sensible that man is not to be made miserable at the will of his fellow-man.

CHAPTER X.

CONCERNING THOSE WHO SEEK PREFERMENT AT ROME.

IF we all applied ourselves as heartily to our proper business as the old politicians at Rome to their schemes, perhaps we too might accomplish something. I know a man older than I am, who is now a commissary at Rome. When he passed through this place, on his return from exile, what an account did he give me of his former life; and how did he promise that for the future, when he had returned he would apply himself to nothing but how to spend the remainder of his days in repose and tranquillity. "For how few have I now remaining!" he said. "You will not do it," said I. "When you are once within reach of Rome you will forget all this; and if you can but once gain admittance to court, you will be rejoiced and thank God." "If you ever find me, Epictetus," said he, "putting one foot into the court, think of me whatever you please." Yet, after all, how did he act? Before he entered the city he was met by a letter from Cæsar. On receiving it he forgot all his former

resolutions; and has ever since been accumulating affairs upon himself. I should be glad now to have an opportunity of putting him in mind of his discourse upon the road, and of pointing out by how much I was the truer prophet.

What, then, do I say? that man is made for an inactive life? No, surely. But why is not this life of ours full of action? For my own part, I wake at dawn with my head full of my lessons for the coming day, and then say to myself, quickly, What is it to me how such a one recites? My present business is to sleep.

What comparison can be made between their kind of activity and ours? If you consider what it is they do, you will see; for about what are they employed the whole day but in calculating, contriving, consulting, — about provisions, about an estate, or other interests like these? Is there any likeness, then, between reading a petition, "I entreat you to give me a permission to export corn," and this, "I entreat you to learn from Chrysippus what the administration of the universe is, and what place a reasonable creature holds in it; learn, too, what you yourself are, and wherein your good and evil consist"? Are these things at all alike? Do they require an equal degree of application? And is it no more shameful to neglect the one than the other?

Well, then, are we older men the only idle dreamers? No, but you young men are so in a greater degree.

And as we old folks, when we see young ones trifling, are tempted to trifle with them; so, much more, if I were to see you earnest and ardent, I should be excited to labor with you.

CHAPTER XI.

OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

WHEN an important personage once came to visit him, Epictetus, having inquired into the particulars of his affairs, asked him whether he had a wife and children. The other replying that he had, Epictetus likewise inquired, In what manner do you live with them? "Very miserably," says he. How so? For men do not marry, and have children, in order to be miserable, but rather to make themselves happy. "But I am so very miserable about my children that the other day, when my daughter was sick and appeared to be in danger, I could not bear even to be with her, but ran away, till it was told me that she was recovered." And pray do you think this was acting right? "It was acting naturally," said he. Well, do but convince me that it was acting naturally, and I can as well convince you that everything natural is right. "All, or most of us fathers, are affected in the same way." I do not deny the fact; but the question between us is, whether it is right.

For by this way of reasoning it must be said that diseases happen for the good of the body, because they do happen; and even that vices are natural, because all, or most of us, are guilty of them. Do you show me, then, how such a behavior as yours appears to be natural.

"I cannot undertake that; but do you rather show me that it is neither natural nor right."

If we were disputing about black and white, what criterion must we call in, to distinguish them?

"The sight."

If about hot and cold, or hard and soft, what?

"The touch."

Well, then, when we are debating about natural and unnatural and right and wrong what criterion are we to take?

"I cannot tell."

And yet to be ignorant of a criterion of colors, or of smells, or tastes, might perhaps be no very great loss; but do you think that he suffers only a small loss who is ignorant of what is good and evil, and natural and unnatural to man?

"No, — the very greatest."

Well, tell me; are all things which are judged good and proper by some rightly judged to be so? Thus, is it possible that the several opinions of Jews, and Syrians, and Egyptians, and Romans, concerning food, should all be right?

"How can it be possible?"

I suppose, then, it is absolutely necessary that, if the opinions of the Egyptians be right, the others must be wrong; if those of the Jews be good, all the rest must be bad.

"How can it be otherwise?"

And where ignorance is, there likewise is want of wisdom and instruction in the most necessary points.

"It is granted."

Then, as you are sensible of this, you will for the future apply yourself to nothing, and think of nothing else, but how to learn the criterion of what is agreeable to nature; and to use that in judging of each particular case. At present the assistance I have to give you towards what you desire is this: Does affection seem to you to be a right and a natural thing?

"How should it be otherwise?"

Well, and is affection natural and right, and reason not so?

"By no means."

Is there any opposition, then, between reason and affection?

"I think not."

Suppose there were; if one of two opposites be natural, the other must necessarily be unnatural, must it not?

"It must."

What we find, then, to accord at once with love and reason, that we may safely pronounce to be right and good.

"Agreed."

Well, then; you will not dispute this, that to run away, and leave a sick child, is contrary to reason. It remains for us to consider whether it be consistent with affection.

"Let us consider it."

Did you, then, from an affection to your child, do right in running away and leaving her? Has her mother no affection for the child?

"Yes, surely she has."

Would it have been right, then, that her mother too should leave her, or would it not?

"It would not."

And does not her nurse love her?

"She does."

Then ought she likewise to leave her?

"By no means."

And does not her preceptor love her?

"He does."

Then ought he also to have run away and left her, — the child being thus left alone and unassisted, from the great affection of her parents and her friends, or left to die among people who neither loved her nor took care of her?

"Heaven forbid!"

But is it not unreasonable and unjust that what you think right in yourself, on account of your affection, should not be allowed to others, who have the very same affection with you?

"It is absurd."

Pray, if you were ill yourself should you be willing to have your family, and even your wife and children, so very affectionate as to leave you helpless and alone?

"By no means."

Or would you wish to be so loved by your friends as from their excessive affection always to be left alone when you were ill? Or would you not rejoice, if it were possible, to have such a kind of affection from your enemies, as to make them thus let you alone? If so, it remains, that your behavior was by no means affectionate. But now, was there no other motive that induced you to desert your child?

"How is that possible?"

I mean some such motive as induced a person at Rome to hide his face while a horse was running to which he earnestly wished success; and when, beyond his expectation, it won the race he was obliged himself to be sponged, to recover from his faintness.

"And what was this motive?"

At present, perhaps, it cannot be made clear to you. It is sufficient to be convinced, if what philosophers say be true, that we are not to seek any motive merely from without; but that there is the same [unseen] motive in all cases, which moves us to do or forbear any action; to speak or not to speak; to be elated or depressed; to avoid or pursue, — that very impulse which hath now moved us two; you, to come, and sit and hear me; and me, to speak as I do.

"And what is that?"

Is it anything else than that it seemed right to us to do so?

"Nothing else."

And if it had seemed otherwise to us, what else should we have done than what we thought right? This, and not the death of Patroclus, was the real source of the lamentation of Achilles, — for every man is not thus affected by the death of a friend, — that it seemed right to him. This too was the cause of your running away from your child, that it then seemed right; and if hereafter you should stay with her, it will be because that seems right. You are now returning to Rome because it seems right to you; but if you should alter your opinion you will not return. In a word, neither death, nor exile, nor pain, nor anything of this kind, is the real cause of our doing or not doing any action, but our inward opinions and principles. Do I convince you of this, or not?

"You do."

Well, then, such as the cause is, such will be the effect. From this day forward, then, whenever we do anything wrong, we will impute it to the wrong principle from which we act; and we will endeavor to remove and extirpate that, with greater care than we would remove wens and tumors from the body. In like manner, we will ascribe what we do right to the same cause; and we will accuse neither servant, nor neighbor, nor wife, nor children, as the cause of any

evil to us, — persuaded that if we had not accepted certain principles, we should not carry them to such consequences. The control of these principles lies in us, and not in any outward things. Of these principles we ourselves, and not things outward, are the masters.

"Agreed."

From this day, then, we will not so closely inquire as to any external conditions, — estate or slaves, or horses, or dogs, — but only make sure of our own principles.

"Such is my desire," said the visitor.

You see, then, that it is necessary for you to become a student, that being whom every one laughs at, if you really desire to make an examination of your own principles; but this, as you should know, is not the work of an hour or a day.

CHAPTER XII.

OF CONTENTMENT.

CONCERNING the gods, some affirm that there is no deity; others, that he indeed exists, but is slothful, negligent, and without providential care; a third class admits both his being and his providence, but only in respect to great and heavenly objects, not earthly; a fourth recognizes him both in heaven and

earth, but only in general, not individual matters; a fifth, like Odysseus and Socrates, says, "I cannot be hid from thee in any of my motions." [1]

It is, before all things, necessary to examine each of these opinions; which is, and which is not rightly spoken. Now, if there are no gods, wherefore serve them? If there are, but they take no care of anything, how is the case bettered? Or, if they both are, and take care; yet, if there is nothing communicated from them to men, and therefore certainly nothing to me, how much better is it? A wise and good man, after examining these things, submits his mind to Him who administers the whole, as good citizens do to the laws of the commonwealth.

He, then, who comes to be instructed, ought to come with this aim: "How may I in everything follow the gods? How may I acquiesce in the divine administration? And how may I be free?" For he is free to whom all happens agreeably to his desire, and whom no one can unduly restrain.

"What, then, is freedom mere license?"

By no means; for madness and freedom are incompatible.

"But I would have that happen which appears to me desirable, however it comes to appear so."

You are mad; you have lost your senses. Do not you know that freedom is a very beautiful and valuable thing? But for me to choose at random, and

[1] Xenophon, Mem. i. 1; Homer, Iliad, x. 278. — H.

for things to happen agreeably to such a choice, may be so far from a beautiful thing, as to be of all things the most undesirable. For how do we proceed in writing? Do I choose to write the name of Dion (for instance) as I will? No, but I am taught to be willing to write it as it ought to be written. And what is the case in music? The same. And what in every other art or science? Otherwise, it would be of no purpose to learn anything if it were to be adapted to each one's particular humor. Is it, then, only in the greatest and principal matter, that of freedom, permitted me to desire at random? By no means; but true instruction is this, — learning to desire that things should happen as they do. And how do they happen? As the appointer of them hath appointed. He hath appointed that there should be summer and winter, plenty and dearth, virtue and vice, and all such contrarieties, for the harmony of the whole. To each of us he has given a body and its parts, and our several possessions and companions. Mindful of this appointment, we should enter upon a course of education and instruction, not in order to change the constitution of things, — a gift neither practicable nor desirable, — but that, things being as they are with regard to us, we may have our minds accommodated to the facts. Can we, for instance, flee from mankind? How is that possible? Can we, by conversing with them, transform them? Who has given us such a power? What, then, remains, or what method is there

to be found, for such a commerce with them that, while they act according to the appearances in their own minds, we may nevertheless be affected conformably to nature?

But you are wretched and discontented. If you are alone, you term it a desert; and if with men, you call them cheats and robbers. You find fault too with your parents, and children, and brothers, and neighbors. Whereas you ought, if you live alone, to call that repose and freedom, and to esteem yourself as resembling the gods; and when you are in company, not to call it a crowd, and a tumult, and a trouble, but an assembly, and a festival, — and thus to take all things contentedly. What, then, is the punishment of those who do not so accept them? To be — as they are. Is any one discontented with being alone? Let him remain in his desert. Discontented with his parents? Let him be a bad son; and let him mourn. Discontented with his children? Let him be a bad father. Shall we throw him into prison? What prison? Where he already is; for he is in a situation against his will, and wherever any one is against his will, that is to him a prison, — just as Socrates was not truly in prison, for he was willingly there.

"What, then, must my leg be lame?"

And is it for one paltry leg, wretch, that you accuse the universe? Can you not forego that, in consideration of the whole? Can you not give up something? Can you not gladly yield it to him who gave it? And

will you be angry and discontented with the decrees of Zeus, — which he, with the Fates, who spun in his presence the thread of your birth, ordained and appointed? Do not you know how very small a part you are of the whole? — that is, as to body; for, as to reason, you are neither worse nor less than divine. For reason is not measured by size or height, but by principles. Will you not, therefore, place your good there where you share with the gods?

"But how wretched am I, in such a father and mother!"

What, then, was it granted you to come beforehand, and make your own terms, and say, "Let such and such persons, at this hour, be the authors of my birth"? It was not granted; for it was necessary that your parents should exist before you, and so you be born afterwards. Of whom? Of just such as they were. What, then, since they are such, is there no remedy afforded you? Surely, you would be wretched and miserable if you knew not the use of sight, and shut your eyes in presence of colors; and are not you more wretched and miserable in being ignorant that you have within you the needful nobleness and manhood wherewith to meet these accidents? Events proportioned to your reason are brought before you; but you turn your mind away, at the very time when you ought to have it the most open and discerning. Why do not you rather thank the gods that they have made you superior to those events which they have not placed

within your own control, and have rendered you accountable for that only which is within your own control? They discharge you from all responsibility for your parents, for your brothers, for your body, possessions, death, life. For what, then, have they made you responsible? For that which is alone in your own power, — a right use of things as they appear. Why, then, should you draw those cares upon yourself for which you are not accountable? This is giving one's self vexation without need.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW EVERYTHING MAY BE PERFORMED TO THE DIVINE ACCEPTANCE.

WHEN a person inquired how any one might eat to the divine acceptance, If he eats with justice, said Epictetus, and with gratitude, and fairly, and temperately, and decently, must he not also eat to the divine acceptance? And if you call for hot water, and your servant does not hear you, or, if he does, brings it only warm, or perhaps is not to be found at home, then to abstain from anger or petulance, is not this to the divine acceptance?

"But how is it possible to bear such things?"

O slavish man! will you not bear with your own brother, who has God for his Father, as being a son

from the same stock, and of the same high descent? But if you chance to be placed in some superior station, will you presently set yourself up for a tyrant? Will you not remember what you are, and over whom you bear rule, — that they are by nature your relations, your brothers; that they are the offspring of God?

"But I have them by right of purchase, and not they me."

Do you see what it is you regard? Your regards look downward towards the earth, and what is lower than earth, and towards the unjust laws of men long dead; but up towards the divine laws you never turn your eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE UNDER THE DIVINE SUPERVISION.

WHEN a person asked him, how any one might be convinced that his every act is under the supervision of God? Do not you think, said Epictetus, that all things are mutually connected and united?

"I do."

Well; and do not you think that things on earth feel the influence of the heavenly powers?

"Yes."

Else how is it that in their season, as if by express command, God bids the plants to blossom and they blossom, to bud and they bud, to bear fruit and they bear it, to ripen it and they ripen; and when again he bids them drop their leaves, and withdrawing into themselves to rest and wait, they rest and wait? Whence again are there seen, on the increase and decrease of the moon, and the approach and departure of the sun, so great changes and transformations in earthly things? Have, then, the very leaves, and our own bodies, this connection and sympathy with the whole, and have not our souls much more? But our souls are thus connected and intimately joined to God, as being indeed members and distinct portions of his essence; and must he not be sensible of every movement of them, as belonging and connatural to himself? Can even you think of the divine administration, and every other divine subject, and together with these of human affairs also; can you at once receive impressions on your senses and your understanding from a thousand objects; at once assent to some things, deny or suspend your judgment concerning others, and preserve in your mind impressions from so many and various objects, by whose aid you can revert to ideas similar to those which first impressed you? Can you retain a variety of arts and the memorials of ten thousand things? And is not God capable of surveying all things, and being present with all, and in communication with all? Is the sun capable

of illuminating so great a portion of the universe, and of leaving only that small part of it unilluminated, which is covered by the shadow of the earth, and cannot He who made and moves the sun, a small part of himself, if compared with the whole, — cannot he perceive all things?

"But I cannot," say you, "attend to all things at once." Who asserts that you have equal power with Zeus? Nevertheless, he has assigned to each man a director, his own good genius, and committed him to that guardianship, — a director sleepless and not to be deceived. To what better and more careful guardian could he have committed each one of us? So that when you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your genius is within; and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? To this God you likewise ought to swear such an oath as the soldiers do to Cæsar. For they, in order to receive their pay, swear to prefer before all things the safety of Cæsar; and will you not swear, who have received so many and so great favors; or, if you have sworn, will you not fulfil the oath? And what must you swear? Never to distrust, nor accuse, nor murmur at any of the things appointed by him; nor to shrink from doing or enduring that which is inevitable. Is this oath like the former? In the first oath persons swear never to dishonor Cæsar; by the last, never to dishonor themselves.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT PHILOSOPHY PROMISES.

WHEN one consulted him, how he might persuade his brother to forbear treating him ill, Philosophy, answered Epictetus, does not promise to procure any outward good for man; otherwise it would include something beyond its proper theme. For as the material of a carpenter is wood; of a statuary, brass; so of the art of living, the material is each man's own life.

"What, then, is my brother's life?"

That, again, is matter for his own art, but is external to you; like property, health, or reputation. Philosophy undertakes none of these. In every circumstance I will keep my will in harmony with nature. To whom belongs that will? To Him in whom I exist.

"But how, then, is my brother's unkindness to be cured?"

Bring him to me, and I will tell him; but I have nothing to say to you about his unkindness.

But the inquirer still further asking for a rule for self-government, if he should not be reconciled, Epictetus answered thus, —

No great thing is created suddenly, any more than

a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you, that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen. Since, then, the fruit of a fig-tree is not brought to perfection suddenly, or in one hour, do you think to possess instantaneously and easily the fruit of the human mind? I warn you, expect it not.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF PROVIDENCE.

BE not surprised if other animals have all things necessary to the body ready provided for them, not only meat and drink, but lodging; if they want neither shoes nor bedding nor clothes, while we stand in need of all these. For they not being made for themselves, but for service, it was not fit that they should be so formed as to be waited on by others. For consider what it would be for us to take care, not only for ourselves, but for sheep and asses too, — how they should be clothed, how shod, and how they should eat and drink. But as soldiers are furnished ready for their commander, shod, clothed, and armed, — for it would be a grievous thing for a colonel to be obliged to go through his regiment to put on their clothes, — so nature has furnished these useful animals, ready provided, and standing in need of no fur-

ther care; so that one little boy, with only a crook, drives a flock.

But we, instead of being thankful for this, complain of God that there is not the same kind of care taken of us likewise; and yet, good Heaven! any one thing in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence, to a humble and grateful mind. Not to instance great things, the mere possibility of producing milk from grass, cheese from milk, and wool from skins, — who formed and planned this? No one, say you. O surprising irreverence and dulness! But come, let us omit the primary works of nature; let us contemplate her merely incidental traits. What is more useless than the hairs upon one's chin? And yet has she not made use even of these, in the most becoming manner possible? Has she not by these distinguished the sexes? Does not nature in each of us call out, even at a distance, I am a man; approach and address me as such; inquire no further; see the characteristic? On the other hand, with regard to women, as she has mixed something softer in their voice, so she has deprived them of a beard. But no; [some think] this living being should have been left undistinguished, and each of us should be obliged to proclaim, "I am a man!" But why is not this characteristic beautiful and becoming and venerable? How much more beautiful than the comb of cocks; how much more noble than the mane of lions! Therefore we ought to preserve the characteristics made by the

Creator; we ought not to reject them, nor confound, as much as in us lies, the distinct sexes.

Are these the only works of Providence with regard to us? And what speech can fitly celebrate their praise? For, if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity, and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig or plough or eat, to sing this hymn to God, — Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow insensibly, to breathe in sleep? These things we ought forever to celebrate; and to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. But because the most of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station, and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan; but since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business; I do it; nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is permitted me; and I call on you to join in the same song.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT THE ART OF REASONING IS NECESSARY.

SINCE it is Reason which shapes and regulates all other things, it ought not itself to be left in disorder; but by what shall it be regulated? Evidently, either by itself, or by something else. Well, either that too is Reason, or something else superior to Reason, which is impossible; and if it be Reason, what again shall regulate that? For if this Reason can regulate itself, so can the former; and if we still require any further agent, the series will be infinite and without end.

"But," say you, "the essential thing is to prescribe for qualities of character."

Would you hear about these, therefore? Well, hear. But then, if you say to me that you cannot tell whether my arguments are true or false, and if I happen to express myself ambiguously, and you bid me make it clearer, I will then at once show you that this is the first essential. Therefore, I suppose, they first establish the art of reasoning, — just as before the measuring of corn, we settle the measure; for, unless we first determine the measure and the weight, how shall we be able to measure or weigh? Thus, in the present case, unless we have first learned and fixed

that which is the criterion of other things, and by which other things are learned, how shall we be able accurately to learn anything else? How is it possible? Well, a bushel-measure is only wood, a thing of no value, but it measures corn; and logic is of no value in itself. That we will consider hereafter, but grant it now; it is enough that it distinguishes and examines, and, as one may say, measures and weighs all other things. Who says this? Is it only Chrysippus, and Zeno, and Cleanthes? Does not Antisthenes say it? And who is it, then, who has written that the beginning of a right education is the examination of words? Does not Socrates say it? Of whom, then, does Xenophon write, that he began by the examination of words, what each signified?

Is this, then, the great and admirable thing, to understand or interpret Chrysippus?

Who says that it is? But what, then, is the admirable thing?

To understand the will of nature.

Well, then; do you conform to it yourself? In that case, what need have you for any one else? For if it be true that men err but unwillingly, and if you have learnt the truth, you must needs act rightly.

But, indeed, I do not conform to the will of nature.

Who, then, shall interpret that?

They say, Chrysippus. I go and inquire what this interpreter of nature says. Soon I cannot understand

his meaning; I seek one to interpret that. I call on him to explain everything as clearly as if it were in Latin. Yet what right has this last interpreter to boast? Nor has Chrysippus himself, so long as he only interprets the will of nature, and does not follow it; and much less has his interpreter. For we have no need of Chrysippus on his own account; but that, by his means, we may apprehend the will of nature; just as no one values a diviner on his own account, but that, by his assistance, men hope to understand future events and heavenly indications; nor the auguries, on their own account, but on account of what is signified by them; neither is it the raven, or the crow, that is admired, but the divine purposes displayed through their means. Thus I come to the diviner and interpreter of these higher things, and say, "Inspect the auguries for me: what is signified for me?" Having taken, and inspected them, he thus interprets them: You have a free will, O man! incapable of being restrained or compelled. This is written here in the auguries. I will show you this, first, in the faculty of assent. Can any one restrain you from assenting to truth? No one. Can any one compel you to admit a falsehood? No one. You see, then, that you have here a free will, incapable of being restrained, or compelled, or hindered. Well, is it otherwise with regard to pursuit and desire? What can displace one pursuit. Another pursuit. What [can displace] desire and aversion? Another desire and another aversion.

"If you offer *death* as an alternative," say you, you compel me. No, not the alternative does it, but your conviction that it is better to do such a thing than to die. Here, again, you see that it is your own conviction which compels you, — that is, choice compels choice; for if God had constituted that portion which he has separated from his own essence, and given to us, capable of being restrained or compelled, either by himself, or by any other, he would not have been God, nor have fitly cared for us.

These things, says the diviner, I find in the auguries. These things are announced to you. If you please, you are free. If you please, you will have no one to complain of, no one to accuse. All will be equally according to your own mind, and to the mind of God.

For the sake of this oracle, I go to this diviner and philosopher; admiring not alone him for his interpretation, but also the things which he interprets.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO BE ANGRY WITH THE ERRING.

IF what the philosophers say be true, that all men's actions proceed from one source; that as they assent from a persuasion that a thing is dissent from a persuasion that it is not, ar

their judgment from a persuasion that it is uncertain; so, likewise, they seek a thing from a persuasion that it is for their advantage, — and it is impossible to esteem one thing advantageous, and yet desire another; to esteem one thing a duty, and yet pursue another, — why, after all, should we be angry at the multitude?

"They are thieves and robbers."

What do you mean by thieves and robbers? They are in an error concerning good and evil. Ought you, then, to be angry, or rather to pity them? Do but show them their error, and you will see that they will amend their faults; but if they do not see the error, they will rise no higher than their convictions.

"What, then; ought not this thief and this adulterer to be destroyed?"

Nay, call him rather one who errs and is deceived in things of the greatest importance; blinded, not in the vision, that distinguishes white from black, but in the reason, that discerns good from evil. By stating your question thus, you would see how inhuman it is, and just as if you should say, "Ought not this blind or that deaf man to be destroyed?" For, if the greatest hurt be a deprivation of the most valuable things, and the most valuable thing to every one be rectitude of will; when any one is deprived of this, after all, [illegible] angry? You ought not to be [illegible]ed, O [illegible]rary to nature, by the evil deeds [illegible]nothe[illegible] rather. Yield not to hatred [illegible]d ang[illegible]as many do, "What! shall these

execrable and odious wretches dare to act thus?" Whence have *you* so suddenly learnt wisdom?

Why are we thus enraged? Because we make idols of those things which such people take from us. Make not an idol of your clothes, and you will not be enraged with the thief. Make not an idol of a woman's beauty, and you will not be enraged with an adulterer. Know, that thief and adulterer cannot reach the things that are properly your own; but those only which belong to others, and are not within your power. If you can give up these things, and look upon them as not essential, with whom will you any longer be enraged? But while you idolize them, be angry with yourself, rather than with others. Consider the case: you have a fine suit of clothes, your neighbor has not. You have a casement; you want to air them. He knows not in what the good of man consists, but imagines it is in a fine suit of clothes, just as you imagine. Shall he not come and take them away? When you show a cake to greedy people, and are devouring it all yourself, would you not have them snatch it from you? Do not tempt them. Do not have a casement. Do not expose your clothes. I, too, the other day, had an iron lamp burning before my household deities. Hearing a noise at the window, I ran. I found my lamp was stolen. I considered that he who took it away did nothing unaccountable. What then? I said, to-morrow you shall find an earthen one, for a man loses only what he has. "I have lost

my coat." Ay, because you had a coat. "I have a pain in my head." You certainly can have none in your horns. Why, then, are you out of humor? For loss and pain can be only of such things as are possessed.

But the tyrant will chain — what? A leg. He will take away — what? A head. What is there, then, that he can neither chain nor take away? The free will. Hence the advice of the ancients, — Know thyself.

"What, then, ought we to do?"

Practise yourself, for Heaven's sake, in little things, and thence proceed to greater. "I have a pain in my head." Do not lament. "I have a pain in my ear." Do not lament. I do not say you may never groan, but do not groan in spirit; or if your servant be a long while in bringing you something to bind your head, do not croak and go into hysterics, and say, "Everybody hates me." For who would not hate such a one?

Relying for the future on these principles, walk erect and free, not trusting to bulk of body, like a wrestler; for one should not be unconquerable in the sense that an ass is.

Who, then, is unconquerable? He whom the inevitable cannot overcome. For such a person I imagine every trial, and watch him as an athlete in each. He has been victorious in the first encounter. What will he do in the second? What, if he should be ex-

hausted by the heat? What, if the field be Olympia? And so in other trials. If you throw money in his way, he will despise it. Is he proof against the seductions of women? What if he be tested by fame, by calumny, by praise, by death? He is able to overcome them all. If he can bear sunshine and storm, discouragement and fatigue, I pronounce him an athlete unconquered indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE RIGHT TREATMENT OF TYRANTS.

WHEN a person is possessed of some personal advantage, either real or imaginary, he will necessarily be puffed up with it, unless he has been well instructed. A tyrant openly says, "I am supreme over all." And what can you bestow on me? Can you exempt my desires from disappointment? How should you? For do you never incur what you shun? Are your own aims infallible? Whence came you by that privilege? Pray, on shipboard, do you trust to yourself, or to the pilot? In a chariot, to whom but the driver? And to whom in all other arts? Just the same. In what, then, does your power consist?

"All men pay regard to me."

So do I to my desk. I wash it and wipe it, and drive a nail for my oil-flask.

"What, then; are these things to be valued beyond me?"

No; but they are of some use to me, and therefore I pay regard to them. Why, do I not pay regard to an ass? Do I not wash his feet? Do I not clean him? Do not you know that every one pays such regard even to himself; and that he does it to you, just as he does to an ass? For who pays regard to you as a man? Show that. Who would wish to be like you? Who would desire to imitate you, as he would Socrates?

"But I can take off your head."

You say rightly. I had forgot that one is to pay regard to you as to a fever, or the cholera; and that there should be an altar erected to you, as there is to the goddess Fever at Rome.

What is it, then, that disturbs and terrifies the multitude, — the tyrant and his guards? By no means. What is by nature free cannot be disturbed or restrained by anything but itself; but its own convictions disturb it. Thus, when the tyrant says to any one, "I will chain your leg," he who chiefly values his leg cries out for pity; while he who chiefly values his own free will says, "If you imagine it for your interest, chain it."

"What! do you not care?"

No, I do not care.

"I will show you that I am master."

You? How should you? Zeus has set me free.

What! do you think he would suffer his own son to be enslaved? You are master of my carcass; take it.

"So that, when you come into my presence, you pay no regard to me?"

No, but to myself; or, if you will have me recognize you also, I will do it as if you were a piece of furniture. This is not selfish vanity; for every animal is so constituted as to do everything for itself. Even the sun does all for himself, and for that matter so does even Zeus himself; but when he would be styled the dispenser of rain and plenty, and the father of gods and men, you see that he cannot attain these offices and titles unless he contributes to the common good. And he has universally so constituted the nature of every reasonable creature, that no one can attain its own good without contributing something for the good of all. And thus it becomes not selfish to do everything for one's self; for do you expect that a man should desert himself and his own concerns, when all beings have one and the same original instinct, self-preservation? What follows then? That where we recognize those absurd convictions, which treat things outward as if they were the true good or evil of life, there must necessarily be a regard paid to tyrants; and I wish it were to tyrants only, and not to the very officers of their bed-chamber too. For how wise a man grows on a sudden, when Cæsar has made him his flunkey? How immediately we say, "Felicio talked very sensibly to me!" I wish he were

turned out of office, that he might once more appear to you the fool he is.

Epaphroditus owned a shoemaker, whom, because he was good for nothing, he sold. This very fellow being, by some strange luck, bought by a courtier, became shoemaker to Cæsar. Then, you might have seen how Epaphroditus honored him. "How is good Felicio, pray?" And, if any one of us asked what the great man himself was about, it was answered, "He is consulting about affairs with Felicio." Did he not sell him previously as good for nothing? Who, then, has all on a sudden made a wise man of him? This it is to reverence externals.

Is any one exalted to the office of tribune? All who meet him congratulate him. One kisses his eyes, another his neck, and the slaves his hands. He goes to his house; finds it illuminated. He ascends the capitol; offers a sacrifice. Now, who ever offered a sacrifice for having good desires; for conforming his aims to nature? Yet we thank the gods for that wherein we place our good.

A person was talking with me to-day about applying for the priesthood in the temple of Augustus. I said to him, Let the thing alone, friend; you will be at great expense for nothing. "But my name," said he, "will be written in the annals." Will you stand by, then, and tell those who read them, "I am the person whose name is written there"? And even if you could tell every one so now, what will you do

when you are dead? "My name will remain." Write it upon a stone, and it will remain just as well. And, pray, what remembrance will there be of you out of Nicopolis? "But I shall wear a crown of gold." If your heart is quite set upon a crown, make and put on one of roses; for it will make the prettier appearance.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHAT MANNER REASON CONTEMPLATES ITSELF.

EVERY art, and every faculty, contemplates certain things as its principal objects. Whenever, therefore, it is of the same nature with the objects of its contemplation, it necessarily contemplates itself too; but where it is of a different nature, it cannot contemplate itself. The art of shoemaking, for instance, is exercised upon leather, but is itself entirely distinct from the materials it works upon; therefore it does not contemplate itself. Again, grammar is exercised on articulate speech. Is the art of grammar itself, then, articulate speech? By no means. Therefore, it cannot contemplate itself. To what purpose, then, is reason appointed by nature? To a proper use of the phenomena of existence. And what is reason? The art of systematizing these phenomena. Thus, by its nature, it becomes contemplative of itself too.

Again, what subjects of contemplation belong to prudence? Good and evil, and that which is indifferent. What, then, is prudence itself? Good. What imprudence? Evil.

You see, then, that it necessarily contemplates both itself and its contrary. Therefore, the first and greatest work of a philosopher is to try to distinguish the phenomena of existence, and to admit none untried. Even in money, where our interest seems to be concerned, you see what an art we have invented, and how many ways an assayer uses to try its value, — by the sight, the touch, the smell, and, lastly, the hearing. He throws the piece down, and attends to the jingle; and is not contented with its jingling only once, but, by frequent attention to it, trains his ear for sound. So, when we think it of consequence whether we are deceived or not, we use the utmost attention to discern those things which may deceive us. But, yawning and slumbering over our poor neglected reason, we are imposed upon by every appearance, nor know the mischief done. Would you know, then, how very languidly you are affected by good and evil, and how vehemently by things indifferent, consider how you feel with regard to bodily blindness, and how with regard to being deceived; and you will find that you are far from being moved, as you ought, in relation to good and evil.

"But trained powers and much labor and learning are here needed."

What then? Do you expect the greatest of arts to be acquired by slight endeavors? And yet the principal doctrine of the philosophers is in itself short. If you have a mind to know it, read Zeno, and you will see. It is not a long story to say, "Our end is to serve the gods," and "The essence of good consists in the proper use of the phenomena of existence." If you say, what then is God; what are phenomena; what is particular, what universal nature, — here the long story comes in. And so, if Epicurus should come and say that good lies in the body, here, too, it will be a long story; and it will be necessary to hear what is the principal, and substantial, and essential part in us. It is unlikely that the good of a snail should be placed in the shell; and is it likely that the good of a man should? You yourself, Epicurus, have in you something superior to this. What is that in you which deliberates, which examines, which recognizes the body as the principal part? Why light your lamp, and labor for us, and write so many books? That we may not be ignorant of the truth? But what are we? What are we to you? Thus the doctrine becomes a long story.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE DESIRE OF ADMIRATION.

WHEN one maintains his proper attitude in life, he does not long after externals. What would you have, O man?

"I am contented, if my desires and aversions are conformable to nature; if I seek and shun that which I ought, and thus regulate my purposes, my efforts, and my opinions."

Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a spit?

"Because I could wish moreover to have all who meet me admire me, and all who follow me cry out, What a great philosopher!"

Who are those by whom you would be admired? Are they not the very people who you used to say were mad? What, then, would you be admired by madmen?

CHAPTER XXII.

OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

THE same general principles are common to all men, nor does one such principle contradict another; for which of us does not admit that good is

advantageous and eligible, and in all cases to be pursued and followed? Who does not admit that justice is fair and becoming? Where, then, arises the dispute? In adapting these principles to particular cases; as when one cries, "Such a person has acted well, — he is a gallant man;" and another, "No, he has acted like a fool." Hence arise disputes among men. This is the dispute between Jews and Syrians and Egyptians and Romans, — not whether the right be preferable to all things, and in every instance to be sought; but whether the eating swine's flesh be consistent with right, or not. This, too, you will find to have been the dispute between Achilles and Agamemnon; for call them forth. What say you, Agamemnon, — ought not that to be done which is fit and right? "Yes, surely." Achilles, what say you, — is it not agreeable to you, that what is right should be done? "Yes; I desire it beyond everything." Apply your principles then. Here begins the dispute. One says, "It is not fit that I should restore Chryseis to her father." The other says, "Yes; but it is." One or the other of them, certainly, makes a wrong conception of the principle of fitness. Again, the one says, "If it be fit that I should give up Chryseis, it is fit, too, that I should take some of your prizes." The other answers, "What, that you should take my mistress?" "Ay; yours." "What, mine only? Must I only, then, lose my prize?"

What, then, is it to be properly educated? To

learn how to apply the principles of natural right to particular cases, and, for the rest, to distinguish that some things are in our power, while others are not. In our own power are the will, and all voluntary actions; out of our power, the body and its parts, property, parents, brothers, children, country, and, in short, all our fellow-beings. Where, then, shall we place good? In what shall we define it to consist? In things within our own power. "But are not health and strength and life good? And are not children, parents, country? You talk unreasonably."

Let us, then, try another point of view. Can he who suffers evil, and is disappointed of good, be happy? He cannot. And can he preserve a right behavior with regard to society? How is it possible that he should? I am naturally led to seek my own highest good. If, therefore, it is my highest good to have an estate, it is for my good likewise to take it away from my neighbor. If it is my highest good to have a suit of clothes, it is for my good likewise to steal it wherever I find it. Hence wars, seditions, tyranny, unjust invasions. How shall I, if this be the case, be able any longer to do my duty towards Zeus? If I suffer evil, and am disappointed, he takes no care of me. And what is he to me if he cannot help me; or again, what is he to me if he chooses I should be in the condition that I am? Then I begin to hate him. What, then, do we build temples, do we raise statues, to Zeus, as to evil

demons, as to the goddess Fever? How, then, is he the preserver, and how the dispenser of rain and plenty? If we place the essence of good on any such ground, all this will follow. What, then, shall we do?

This is the inquiry which interests him who philosophizes in earnest, and to some result. Do I not now see what is good, and what is evil, or am I mad? Suppose I place good only in things dependent on my own will? Why, every one will laugh at me. Some gray-headed old fellow will come, with his fingers covered with gold rings, and will shake his head, and say, "Hark ye, child, it is fit you should learn philosophy; but it is fit, too, you should have common-sense. All this is nonsense. You learn syllogisms from philosophers; but how you are to act, you know better than they." Then what displeases you if I do know? What can I say to this unfortunate? If I make no answer, he will burst; so I must answer thus: "Bear with me, as with lovers. Granted; I am not myself. I have lost my senses."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGAINST EPICURUS.

EVEN Epicurus is sensible that we are by nature sociable beings; but having once placed our good in the mere outward shell, he can say nothing

afterwards inconsistent with that; for again, he strenuously maintains that we ought not to admire or accept anything separated from the nature of good, and he is in the right to maintain it. But how, then, arise any affectionate anxieties, unless there be such a thing as natural affection towards our offspring? Then why do you, Epicurus, dissuade a wise man from bringing up children? Why are you afraid that upon their account he may fall into anxieties? Does he fall into any for a mouse, that feeds within his house? What is it to him, if a little mouse bewails itself there? But Epicurus knew that, if once a child is born, it is no longer in our power not to love and be solicitous for it. On the same grounds he says that a wise man will not engage himself in public business, knowing very well what must follow. If men are only so many flies, why should he not engage in it?

And does he, who knows all this, dare to forbid us to bring up children? Not even a sheep, or a wolf, deserts its offspring; and shall man? What would you have, — that we should be as silly as sheep? Yet even these do not desert their offspring. Or as savage as wolves? Neither do these desert them. Pray, who would mind *you*, if he saw his child fallen upon the ground and crying? For my part, I am of opinion that your father and mother, even if they could have foreseen that you would have been the author of such doctrines, would not have thrown you away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW WE OUGHT TO STRUGGLE WITH DIFFICULTIES.

DIFFICULTIES are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more profitable difficulty on his hands than you have, provided you will but use it, as an athletic champion uses his antagonist.

Suppose we were to send you as a scout to Rome. But no one ever sends a timorous scout, who, when he only hears a noise, or sees a shadow, runs back frightened, and says, "The enemy is at hand." So now, if you should come and tell us, "Things are in a fearful way at Rome; death is terrible, banishment terrible, calumny terrible, poverty terrible; run, good people, the enemy is at hand;" we will answer, Get you gone, and prophesy for yourself; our only fault is that we have sent such a scout. Diogenes was sent as a scout before you, but he told us other tidings. He says that death is no evil, for it is nothing base; that calumny is only the noise of madmen. And what account did this spy give us of pain, of pleasure,

of poverty? He says that to be naked is better than a purple robe; to sleep upon the bare ground, the softest bed; and gives a proof of all he says by his own courage, tranquillity, and freedom, and, moreover, by a healthy and robust body. "There is no enemy near," he says; "all is profound peace." How so, Diogenes? "Look upon me," he says. "Am I hurt? Am I wounded? Have I run away from any one?" This is a scout worth having. But you come, and tell us one tale after another. Go back and look more carefully, and without fear.

"What shall I do, then?"

What do you do when you land from a ship? Do you take away with you the rudder, or the oars? What do you take, then? Your own, your bundle and your flask. So, in the present case, if you will but remember what is your own, you will not covet what belongs to others. If some tyrant bids you put off your consular robe, — "Well, I am in my equestrian robe." Put off that too. "I have only my coat." Put off that too. "Well, I am naked." I am not yet satisfied. "Then e'en take my whole body. If I can throw off a paltry body, am I any longer afraid of a tyrant?"

"But such a one will not leave me his heir." What, then, have I forgotten, that such possessions are never really mine? How, then, do we call them ours? It is as with a bed in an inn. If the landlord, when he dies, leaves you the bed, well and good; but

if to another, it will be his, and you will seek one elsewhere; and consequently, if you do not find one, you will sleep upon the ground; only sleep fearlessly and profoundly, and remember that tragedies find their theme among the rich and kings and tyrants. No poor man fills any other place in one than as part of the chorus; whereas, kings begin indeed with prosperity: "Crown the palace;" but continue about the third and fourth act: "Alas, Citheron! why didst thou receive me!"[1] Where are thy crowns, wretch; where is thy diadem? Cannot thy guards help thee?

Whenever you are brought into any such society, think then that you meet a tragic actor, or, rather, not an actor, but Œdipus himself. "But such a one is happy; he walks with a numerous train." Well, I too walk with a numerous train.

But remember the principal thing, — that the door is open. Do not be more fearful than children; but as they, when the play does not please them, say, "I will play no longer," so do you, in the same case, say, "I will play no longer," and go; but, if you stay, do not complain.

[1] Sophocles, Œdipus Tyrannus, v. 1391. — H.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IF these things are true; and if we are not stupid or insincere when we say that the good or ill of man lies within his own will, and that all beside is nothing to us, why are we still troubled? Why do we still fear? What truly concerns us is in no one's power; what is in the power of others concerns not us. What embarrassment have we left?

"But you must direct me."

Why should I direct you? Has not Zeus directed you? Has he not given you what is your own, incapable of restraint or hindrance; and what is not your own, liable to both? What directions, then, what orders, have you brought from him? "By all means guard what is your own; what belongs to others do not covet. Honesty is your own; a sense of virtuous shame is your own. Who, then, can deprive you of these? Who can restrain you from making use of them, but yourself? And how do you do it? When you make that your concern which is not truly your own, you lose that which is." Having such precepts and directions from Zeus, what sort do you still want from me? Am I better than He, or more worthy of credit? If you observe these precepts, what others

do you need? Are not these His? Apply the recognized principles; apply the demonstrations of philosophers; apply what you have often heard, and what you have said yourself; what you have read, and what you have carefully studied.

How long is it right to devote one's self to these things and not break up the game?

As long as it goes on well. A king is chosen at the Saturnalian Festival, supposing it to be agreed to play at that game; he orders: "Do you drink; you mix the wine; you sing: you go; you come." I obey, that the game may not be broken up by my fault.

[Then he orders] "I bid you think yourself to be unhappy." I do not think so; and who shall compel me to think so?

Again, suppose we agree to play Agamemnon and Achilles. He who is appointed for Agamemnon says to me, "Go to Achilles, and force away Briseis." I go. "Come." I come. We should deal with life as with these imaginary orders.

"Suppose it to be night." Well, suppose it. "Is it day then?" No; for I admitted the hypothesis, that it was night. "Suppose that you think it to be night." Well, suppose it. "But you must really think that it is night." That by no means follows from the hypothesis. Thus it is in the case illustrated. Suppose you have ill luck? Suppose it. "Are you then unlucky?" Yes. "Are you thoroughly unfor-

tunate?" Yes. "Well; but you must really regard yourself as miserable." But this is no part of the assumption, and there is a power who forbids me [to admit that].

How far, then, are we to carry such analogies? As far as is useful; that is, till we go farther than is reasonable and fit.

Moreover, some are peevish and fastidious, and say, I cannot dine with such a fellow, to be obliged to hear him all day recounting how he fought in Mysia. "I told you, my friend, how I gained the eminence." There I begin to suffer another siege. But another says, "I had rather get a dinner, and hear him prate as much as he pleases."

Do you decide between these opinions; but do not let it be with depression and anxiety, and the assumption that you are miserable, for no one compels you to that. Is there smoke in my house? If it be moderate, I will stay; if very great, I will go out. For you must always remember, and hold to this, that the door is open. "You are forbidden to live at Nicopolis." Then I will not live there. "Nor at Athens." Well, nor at Athens. "Nor at Rome." Nor at Rome. "But you shall live at Gyaros."[1] I will live there. But suppose that living at Gyaros seems to me like living in a great smoke. I can then retire where no one can forbid me to live, for it is an abode open to

[1] An island in the Ægean Sea, to which the Romans used to banish criminals. — C.

all, and put off my last garment, this poor body of mine; beyond this, no one has any power over me.

Thus Demetrius said to Nero: "You sentence me to death; and Nature you." If I prize my body first, I have surrendered myself as a slave; if my estate, the same; for I at once betray where I am vulnerable. Just as when a reptile pulls in his head, I bid you strike that part of him which he guards; and be you assured, that wherever you show a desire to guard yourself, there your master will attack you. Remember but this, and whom will you any longer flatter or fear?

"But I want to sit where the senators do."

Do not you see, that by this you incommode and torment yourself?

"Why, how else shall I see the show in the Amphitheatre advantageously?"

Do not insist on seeing it, O man! and you will not be incommoded. Why do you vex yourself? Or wait a little while; and when the show is over, go sit in the senators' places and sun yourself. For remember, that this holds universally, — we incommode and torment ourselves; that is, our own preconceived notions do it for us. What is it to be reviled, for instance? Stand by a stone and revile it, and what will you get by it? If you, therefore, would listen only as a stone, what would your reviler gain? But if the reviler has the weakness of the reviled for a vantage-ground, then he carries his point.

"Strip him" [bids the tyrant]. What mean you by *him?* Take my clothes, strip them, at your pleasure. "I meant only to insult you." Much good may it do you.

These things were the study of Socrates; and by these means he always preserved the same countenance. Yet we had rather exercise and study anything, than how to become unrestrained and free. "But the philosophers talk paradoxes." And are there not paradoxes in other arts? What is more paradoxical than to prick any one's eye, that he may see? Should one tell this to one ignorant of surgery, would not he laugh at him? What wonder then, if in philosophy also many truths appear paradoxes to the ignorant?

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT THE RULE OF LIFE IS.

AS some one was reading hypothetical propositions, Epictetus remarked that it was a rule in these to admit whatever was in accordance with the hypothesis, but much more a rule in life to do what was in accordance with nature. For, if we desire in every matter and on every occasion to conform to nature, we must on every occasion evidently make it our aim, neither to omit anything thus conformable,

nor to admit anything inconsistent. Philosophers, therefore, first exercise us in theory, which is the more easy task, and then lead us to the more difficult; for in theory there is nothing to hinder our following what we are taught, but in life there are many things to draw us aside. It is ridiculous, then, to say we must begin with these applications, for it is not easy to begin with the most difficult; and this excuse children should make to those parents who dislike that they should study philosophy. "Am I to blame then, sir, and ignorant of my duty, and of what is incumbent on me? If this is neither to be learned, nor taught, why do you find fault with me? If it is to be taught, pray teach me yourself; or, if you cannot, let me learn it from those who profess to understand it. For what think you; that I voluntarily fall into evil, and miss good? Heaven forbid! What, then, is the cause of my faults? Ignorance. Are you not willing, then, that I should get rid of my ignorance? Who was ever taught the art of music, or navigation, by anger? Do you expect, then, that your anger should teach me the art of living?"

This, however, can properly be said only by one who is really in earnest. But he who reads these things, and applies to the philosophers, merely for the sake of showing, at some entertainment, that he understands hypothetical reasonings, what aim has he but to be admired by some senator, who happens

to sit near him?[1] Great possessions may be won by such aims as that, but what we hold as wealth passes there for folly. It is hard, therefore, to overcome by appearances, where vain things thus pass for great.

I once saw a person weeping and embracing the knees of Epaphroditus, and deploring his hard fortune, that he had not more than 150,000 drachmæ left. What said Epaphroditus then? Did he laugh at him, as we should do? No; but cried out with astonishment: "Poor man! How could you be silent under it? How could you bear it?"

The first step, therefore, towards becoming a philosopher is to be sensible in what state the ruling faculty of the mind is; for on knowing it to be weak, no person will immediately employ it in great attempts. But, for want of this, some who can scarce digest a crumb will yet buy and swallow whole treatises; and so they throw them up again, or cannot digest them; and then come colics, fluxes, and fevers. Such persons ought to consider what they can bear. Indeed, it is easy to convince an ignorant person, so far as concerns theory; but in matters relating to life, no one offers himself to conviction, and we hate those who have convinced us. Socrates used to say, that we ought not to live a life unexamined.[2]

[1] This passage is omitted as inexplicable by Mrs. Carter. Schweighaeuser says, "Tentare interpretationem possum; praestare non possum." A passage just below I also have omitted, as the text is admitted to be in a hopeless state. — H.

[2] Plato, Apologia, i. 28. — H.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OF THE VARIED APPEARANCES OF THINGS TO THE MIND, AND WHAT MEANS ARE AT HAND BY WHICH TO REGULATE THEM.

APPEARANCES to the mind are of four kinds. Things either are what they appear to be; or they neither are, nor appear to be; or they are, and do not appear to be; or they are not, and yet appear to be. Rightly to aim, in all these cases, is the wise man's task. Whatever unduly constrains us, to that a remedy must be applied. If the sophistries of Pyrrhonism, or the Academy, constrain us, the remedy must be applied there; if specious appearances, by which things seem to be good which are not so, let us seek for a remedy there. If it be custom which constrains us, we must endeavor to find a remedy against that.

"What remedy is to be found against custom?"

Establish a contrary custom. You hear the vulgar say, "Such a one, poor soul! is dead." Well, his father died; his mother died. "Ay, but he was cut off in the flower of his age, and in a foreign land." Observe these contrary ways of speaking; and abandon such expressions. Oppose to one custom a contrary

custom; to sophistry the art of reasoning, and the frequent use and exercise of it. Against specious appearances we must set clear convictions, bright and ready for use. When death appears as an evil, we ought immediately to remember that evils are things to be avoided, but death is inevitable. For what can I do, or where can I fly from it? Let me suppose myself to be Sarpedon, the son of Jove, that I may speak as nobly. "I go either to excel, or to give another the occasion to excel."[1] If I can achieve nothing myself, I will not grudge another his achievement.

But suppose this to be a strain too high for us; do not these following thoughts befit us? Whither shall I fly from death? Show me the place, show me the people, to whom I may have recourse, whom death does not overtake. Show me the charm to avoid it. If there be none, what would you have me do? I cannot escape death; but cannot I escape the dread of it? Must I die trembling and lamenting? For the very origin of the disease lies in wishing for something that is not obtained. Under the influence of this, if I can make outward things conform to my own inclination, I do it; if not, I feel inclined to tear out the eyes of whoever hinders me. For it is the nature of man not to endure the being deprived of good; not to endure the falling into evil. And so, at last, when I can neither control events, nor tear out the eyes of him who hinders me, I sit down, and

[1] Imitated from Iliad, xii. 328. — H.

groan, and revile him whom I can, — Zeus, and the rest of the gods; for what are they to me, if they take no care of me?

"Oh! but then you will be impious."

What then? Can I be in a worse condition than I am now? In general, remember this, that unless we make our religion and our treasure to consist in the same thing, religion will always be sacrificed.

Have these things no weight? Let a Pyrrhonist, or an Academic, come and oppose them. For my part, I have neither leisure nor ability to stand up as an advocate for common-sense. Even if the business were concerning an estate, I should call in another advocate. To what advocate, then, shall I now appeal? I will leave it to any one who may be upon the spot. Thus, I may not be able to explain how sensation takes place, whether it be diffused universally, or reside in a particular part; for I find perplexities in either case; but that you and I are not the same person, I very exactly know.

"How so?"

Why, I never, when I have a mind to swallow anything, carry it to your mouth, but my own. I never, when I wanted bread, seized a broom instead, but went directly to the bread as I needed it. You who deny all evidence of the senses, do you act otherwise? Which of you, when he wished to go into a bath, ever went into a mill?

"Why, then, must not we, to the utmost, defend

these points; stand by common-sense; be fortified against everything that opposes it?"[1]

Who denies that? But it must be done by him who has ability and leisure to spare; but he who is full of trembling and perturbation and inward disorders of heart must first employ his time about something else.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THAT WE OUGHT NOT TO BE ANGRY WITH MANKIND. WHAT THINGS ARE LITTLE, WHAT GREAT, AMONG MEN.

WHAT is the basis of assent to anything? Its appearing to be true. It is not possible, therefore, to assent to what appears to be not true. Why? Because it is the very nature of the understanding to agree to truth, to be dissatisfied with falsehood, and to suspend its belief in doubtful cases.

"What is the proof of this?"

Persuade yourself, if you can, that it is now night. Impossible. Dissuade yourself from the belief that it

[1] This seems to be said by one of the hearers, who wanted to have the absurdities of the sceptics confuted and guarded against by regular argument. Epictetus allows this to be right, for such as have abilities and leisure; but recommends in others the more necessary task of curing their own moral disorders, and insinuates that the mere common occurences of life are sufficient to overthrow the notions of the Pyrrhonists. — C.

is day. Impossible. Persuade yourself that the number of the stars is even or odd. Impossible.

When any one, then, assents to what is false, be assured that he does not wilfully assent to it as false, — for, as Plato affirms, the soul is unwillingly deprived of truth,[1] — but what is false appears to him to be true. Well, then; have we, in actions, anything correspondent to this distinction between true and false? There are right and wrong; advantageous and disadvantageous; desirable and undesirable, and the like.

"A person, then, cannot think a thing truly advantageous to him, and not choose it?"

He cannot. But how says Medea? —

> "I know what evils wait upon my purpose;
> But wrath is stronger than this will of mine."[2]

Was it that she thought the very indulgence of her rage, and the punishing her husband, more advantageous than the preservation of her children? Yes; but she is deceived. Show clearly to her that she is deceived, and she will forbear; but, till you have shown it, what has she to follow but what appears to herself? Nothing.

Why, then, are you angry with her, that the unhappy woman is deceived in the most important

[1] This is not a literal quotation from Plato, but similar passages are to be found in his Laws, ix. 5; Sophist, § 29; Protagoras, § 87, etc. — H.

[2] Euripides, Medea, 1087. — II.

points, and instead of a human creature, becomes a viper? Why do you not rather, as we pity the blind and lame, so likewise pity those who are blinded and lamed in their superior faculties? Whoever, therefore, duly remembers, that the appearance of things to the mind is the standard of every action to man, — that this is either right or wrong, and if right, he is without fault; if wrong, he himself suffers punishment; for that one man cannot be the person deceived, and another the only sufferer, — such a person will not be outrageous and angry at any one; will not revile, or reproach, or hate, or quarrel with any one.

"So, then, have all the great and dreadful deeds that have been done in the world no other origin than semblances?"

Absolutely no other. The Iliad consists of nothing but such semblances and their results. It seemed to Paris that he should carry off the wife of Menelaus. It seemed to Helen that she should follow him. If, then, it had seemed to Menelaus that it was an advantage to be robbed of such a wife, what could have happened? Not only the Iliad had been lost, but the Odyssey too.

"Do such great events, then, depend on so small a cause?"

What events, then, call you great?

"Wars and seditions, the destruction of numbers of men, and the overthrow of cities."

And what in all this is great? Nothing. What is great in the death of numbers of oxen, numbers of sheep, or in the burning or pulling down numbers of nests of storks or swallows?

"Are these things then similar?"

They are. The bodies of men are destroyed, and the bodies of sheep and oxen. The houses of men are burnt, and the nests of storks. What is there so great or fearful in all this? Pray, show me what difference there is between the house of a man and the nest of a stork, considered as a habitation, except that houses are built with beams and tiles and bricks, and nests with sticks and clay?

"What, then; are a stork and a man similar? What do you mean?"

Similar in body.

"Is there no difference, then, between a man and a stork?"

Yes, surely; but not in these things.

"In what, then?"

Inquire; and you will find, that the difference lies in something else. See whether it be not in rationality of action, in social instincts, fidelity, honor, providence, judgment.

"Where, then, is the real good or evil of man?"

Just where this difference lies. If this distinguishing trait is preserved, and remains well fortified, and neither honor, fidelity, nor judgment is destroyed, then he himself is likewise saved; but when any one

of these is lost or demolished, he himself is lost also. In this do all great events consist. Paris, they say, was undone, because the Greeks invaded Troy, and laid it waste, and his family were slain in battle. By no means; for no one is undone by an action not his own. All that was only like laying waste the nests of storks. But his true undoing was when he lost modesty, faith, honor, virtue. When was Achilles undone, — when Patroclus died? By no means. But when he gave himself up to rage; when he wept over a girl; when he forgot that he came there, not to win mistresses, but to fight. This is human undoing; this is the siege, this the overthrow, when right principles are ruined and destroyed.

"But when wives and children are led away captives, and the men themselves killed, are not these evils?"

Whence do you conclude them such? Pray inform me, in my turn.

"Nay; but whence do you affirm that they are not evils?"

Recur to the rules. Apply your principles. One cannot sufficiently wonder at what happens among men. When we would judge of light and heavy, we do not judge by guess, nor when we judge of straight and crooked; and, in general, when it concerns us to know the truth on any special point, no one of us will do anything by guess. But where the first and principal source of right or wrong action is con-

cerned, of being prosperous or unprosperous, happy or unhappy, — there only do we act rashly, and by guess. Nowhere anything like a balance; nowhere anything like a rule; but something seems thus or so to me, and I at once act accordingly. For am I better than Agamemnon or Achilles; that they, by following what seemed best to them, should do and suffer so many things, and yet that seeming should not suffice me? And what tragedy hath any other origin? The Atreus of Euripides, what is it? Seeming. The Œdipus of Sophocles? Seeming. The Phœnix? The Hippolytus? All seeming. Who then, think you, can escape this influence? What are they called who follow every seeming? Madmen. Yet do we, then, behave otherwise?

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF COURAGE.

THE essence of good and evil is a certain disposition of the will.

What are things outward, then?

Materials on which the will may act, in attaining its own good or evil.

How, then, will it attain good?

If it be not dazzled by its own materials; for right principles concerning these materials keep the will in

a good state; but perverse and distorted principles, in a bad one. This law hath God ordained, who says, "If you wish for good, receive it from yourself." You say, No; but from another. "Nay; but from yourself."

Accordingly, when a tyrant threatens, and sends for me, I say, Against what is your threatening pointed? If he says, "I will chain you," I answer, It is my hands and feet that you threaten. If he says, "I will cut off your head," I answer, It is my head that you threaten. If he says, "I will throw you into prison," I answer, It is the whole of this paltry body that you threaten; and if he threatens banishment, just the same.

"Does he not threaten *you*, then?"

If I am persuaded that these things are nothing to me, he does not; but if I fear any of them, it is me that he threatens. Who is it, after all, that I fear? The master of what? Of things in my own power? Of these no one is the master. Of things not in my power? And what are these to me?

"What, then! do you philosophers teach us a contempt of kings?"

By no means. Which of us teaches any one to contend with them about things of which they have the command? Take my body; take my possessions; take my reputation; take away even my friends. If I persuade any one to claim these things as his own, you may justly accuse me. "Ay; but I

would command your principles too." And who hath given you that power? How can you conquer the principle of another? "By applying terror, I will conquer it." Do not you see that what conquers itself is not conquered by another? And nothing but itself can conquer the will. Hence, too, the most excellent and equitable law of God, that the better should always prevail over the worse. Ten are better than one.

"For what purpose?"

For chaining, killing, dragging where they please; for taking away an estate. Thus ten conquer one, in the cases wherein they are better.

"In what, then, are they worse?"

When the one has right principles, and the others have not. For can they conquer in this case? How should they? If we were weighed in a scale, must not the heavier outweigh?

"How then came Socrates to suffer such things from the Athenians?"

O foolish man! what mean you by Socrates? Express the fact as it is. Are you surprised that the mere body of Socrates should be carried away, and dragged to prison, by such as were stronger; that it should be poisoned by hemlock and die? Do these things appear wonderful to you; these things unjust? Is it for such things as these that you accuse God? Had Socrates, then, no compensation for them? In what, then, to him, did the essence of

good consist? Whom shall we regard, you or him? And what says he? "Anytus and Melitus may indeed kill; but hurt me they cannot." And again, "If it so pleases God, so let it be."

But show me that he who has the worse principles can get the advantage over him who has the better. You never will show it, nor anything like it; for the Law of Nature and of God is this, — let the better always prevail over the worse.

"In what?"

In that wherein it is better. One body may be stronger than another; many, than one; and a thief, than one who is not a thief. Thus I, for instance, lost my lamp, because the thief was better at keeping awake than I. But for that lamp he paid the price of becoming a thief; for that lamp he lost his virtue and became like a wild beast. This seemed to him a good bargain; and so let it be!

But some one takes me by the collar, and drags me to the forum; and then all the rest cry out, "Philosopher, what good do your principles do you? See, you are being dragged to prison; see, you are going to lose your head!" And, pray, what rule of philosophy could I contrive, that when a stronger than myself lays hold on my collar, I should not be dragged; or that, when ten men pull me at once, and throw me into prison, I should not be thrown there? But have I learned nothing, then? I have learned to know, whatever happens, that if it concerns not my

will, it is nothing to me. Have my principles, then, done me no good? What then; do I seek for anything else to do me good, but what I have learned? Afterwards, as I sit in prison, I say, He who has made all this disturbance neither recognizes any guidance, nor heeds any teaching, nor is it any concern to him to know what philosophers say or do. Let him alone.

"Come forth again from prison." If you have no further need for me in prison, I will come out; if you want me again, I will return. "For how long?" Just so long as reason requires I should continue in this body; when that is over, take it, and fare ye well. Only let us not act inconsiderately, nor from cowardice, nor on slight grounds, since that would be contrary to the will of God; for he hath need of such a world, and such beings to live on earth. But, if he sounds a retreat, as he did to Socrates, we are to obey him when he sounds it, as our General.

"Well; but can these things be explained to the multitude?"

To what purpose? Is it not sufficient to be convinced one's self? When children come to us clapping their hands, and saying, "To-morrow is the good feast of Saturn;" do we tell them that good doth not consist in such things? By no means; but we clap our hands also. Thus, when you are unable to convince any one, consider him as a child, and clap your hands with him; or, if you will not do that, at

least hold your tongue. These things we ought to remember; and when we are called to any trial, to know that an opportunity is come of showing whether we have been well taught. For he who goes from a philosophical lecture to a difficult point of practice is like a young man who has been studying to solve syllogisms. If you propose an easy one, he says, "Give me rather a fine intricate one, that I may try my strength." Thus athletic champions are displeased with a slight antagonist. "He cannot lift me," says one. Is this a youth of spirit? No; for when the occasion calls upon him, he may begin crying, and say, "I wanted to learn a little longer first." Learn what? If you did not learn these things to show them in practice, why did you learn them?

I trust there must be some one among you, sitting here, who feels secret pangs of impatience, and says, "When will such a trial come to my share, as hath now fallen to his? Must I sit wasting my life in a corner, when I might be crowned at Olympia? When will any one bring the news of such a combat for me?" Such should be the disposition of you all. Even among the gladiators of Cæsar, there are some who bear it very ill that they are not brought upon the stage and matched; and who offer vows to God, and address the officers, begging to fight. And will none among you appear such? I would willingly take a voyage on purpose to see how a champion of mine acts; how he meets his occasion.

This is not the contest I would choose, say you. Is it in your power, then, to make the selection? Such a body is given you, such parents, such brothers, such a country, and such a rank in it; and then you come to me, to change the conditions! Have you not abilities to manage that which is given you? You should say to me, "It is your business to propose; mine, to treat the subject well." No; but you say, "Do not meet me with such a perplexity, but such a one; do not offer such an obstacle to me, but such a one." There will be a time, I suppose, when tragedians will fancy themselves to be mere masks, and buskins, and long train. These things are your materials, man, and your stage-properties. Speak something; that we may know whether you are a tragedian or a buffoon; for both have all the rest in common. Suppose any one should take away his buskins and his mask, and bring him upon the stage in his common dress, is the tragedian lost, or does he remain? If he has a voice, he remains. "Here, this instant, take upon you the command." I take it; and taking it, I show how a skilful man performs the part. "Now lay aside your robe; put on rags, and come upon the stage in that character." What then? Is it not in my power to express the character by a suitable voice?

"In what character do you now appear?" As a witness summoned by God. "Come you, then, and bear witness for me; for you are a fit witness to be

produced by me. Is anything which is inevitable to be classed as either good or evil? Do I hurt any one? Have I made the good of each individual to rest on any one but himself? What evidence do you give for God?"

"I am in a miserable condition, O Lord; I am undone: no mortal cares for me; no mortal gives me anything; all blame me; all speak ill of me."

Is this the evidence you are to give? And will you bring disgrace upon his summons, who hath conferred such an honor upon you, and thought you worthy of being produced as a witness in such a cause?

But some one in authority has given a sentence. "I judge you to be impious and profane." What has befallen you? — I have been judged to be impious and profane. — Anything else? — Nothing. — Suppose he had passed his judgment upon any process of reasoning, and had questioned the conclusion that, if it be day, it is light; what would have befallen the proposition? In this case, who is judged, who is condemned, — the proposition, or he who cannot understand it? Does he know, who claims the power of ruling in your case, what pious or impious means? Has he made it his study or learned it? Where? From whom? A musician would not regard him, if he pronounced bass to be treble; nor a mathematician, if he passed sentence, that lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are not

equal. And shall he who is instructed in the truth respect an ignorant man, when he pronounces upon pious and impious, just and unjust?

"Oh, the persecutions to which the wise are exposed!" Is it *here* that you have learned this talk? Why do not you leave such pitiful discourse to idle, pitiful fellows; and let them sit in a corner, and receive some little mean pay, or grumble that nobody gives them anything? But do you come, and make some use of what you have learned. It is not reasonings that are wanted now, for there are books stuffed full of stoical reasonings.

"What is wanted, then?"

The man who shall apply them; whose actions may bear testimony to his doctrines. Assume this character for me, that we may no longer make use in the schools of the examples of the ancients, but may have some examples of our own.

"To whom, then, does the contemplation of these abstractions belong?"

To any one who has leisure for them; for man is a being fond of contemplation. But it is shameful to take only such view of things as truant slaves take of a play. We ought to sit calmly, and listen, whether to the actor or to the musician; and not do like those poor fellows, who come in and admire the actor, constantly glancing about them, and then, if any one happens to mention their master, run frightened away. It is shameful for a philosopher thus to

contemplate the works of nature. What, in this parallel case, stands for the master? Man is not the master of man; but death is, and life, and pleasure, and pain; for without these, bring even Cæsar to me, and you will see how intrepid I shall be. But, if he comes thundering and lightening with these, and these are the objects of my terror, what do I else but, like the truant slave, acknowledge my master? While I have any respite from these, as the truant comes into the theatre, so I bathe, drink, sing; but all with terror and anxiety. But if I free myself from my masters, that is, from such things as render a master terrible, what trouble, what master have I remaining?

"Shall we then insist upon these things with all men?"

No. But make allowance for the ignorant, and say, This poor man advises me to what he thinks good for himself. I excuse him; for Socrates, too, excused the jailer, who wept when he was to drink the poison, and said, "How heartily he sheds tears for us!" Was it to him that Socrates said, "For this reason we sent the women out of the way"? No, but to his friends, — to such as were capable of hearing it; while he humored the other, as a child.

CHAPTER XXX.

WEAPONS READY FOR DIFFICULT OCCASIONS.

WHEN you are going before any of the great, remember that there is another who sees from above what passes, and whom you ought to please, rather than man. He therefore asks you, —

"In the schools, what did you use to call exile, and prison, and chains, and death, and calumny?"

I? Indifferent things.

"What, then, do you call them now? Are they at all changed?"

No.

"Are you changed, then?"

No.

"Tell me, then, what things are indifferent."

Things not dependent on our own will.

"What is the inference?"

Things not dependent on my own will are nothing to me.

"Tell me, likewise, what appeared to be the good of man."

Rectitude of will, and to understand the appearances of things.

"What his end?"

To follow Thee.

"Do you say the same things now, too?"

Yes. I do say the same things, even now.

Well, go in then boldly, and mindful of these things; and you will show the difference between the instructed and the ignorant. I protest, I think you will then have such thoughts as these: "Why do we provide so many and great resources for nothing? Is the power, the antechamber, the attendants, the guards, no more than this? Is it for these that I have listened to so many dissertations? These are nothing; and yet I had qualified myself as for some great encounter."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THAT COURAGE IS NOT INCONSISTENT WITH CAUTION.

THERE is an assertion of the philosophers which may perhaps appear a paradox to many; yet let us fairly examine whether it be true, — that it is possible, in all things, to act at once with caution and courage. For caution seems, in some measure, contrary to courage; and contraries are by no means consistent. The appearance of a paradox in the present case seems to me to arise as follows. If indeed we assert that courage and caution are to be used in the same instances, we might justly be accused of uniting contradictions; but in the way that we affirm it, where is the absurdity? For if what has been so often said, and so often demonstrated, be certain, that the essence of good and evil consists in the use of things as they appear, and that things inevitable are not to be classed either as good or evil, what paradox do the philosophers assert, if they say, "Where events are inevitable, meet them with courage, but otherwise with caution"? For in these last cases only, if evil lies in a perverted will, is caution to

be used; and if things inevitable and uncontrollable are nothing to us, in these we are to make use of courage. Thus we shall be at once cautious and courageous, and, indeed, courageous on account of this very caution; for by using caution with regard to things really evil, we shall gain courage with regard to what are not so.

But we are in the same condition with deer; when these in a fright fly from the plumes [which hunters wave], whither do they turn, and to what do they retire for safety? To the nets. And thus they are undone, by inverting the objects of fear and confidence. Thus we, too. When do we yield to fear? About things inevitable. When, on the other hand, do we behave with courage, as if there were nothing to be dreaded? About things that might be controlled by will. To be deceived, then, or to act rashly or imprudently, or to indulge a scandalous desire, we treat as of no importance, in our effort to bring about things which we cannot, after all, control. But where death, or exile, or pain, or ignominy, is concerned, then comes the retreat, the flutter, and the fright. Hence, as it must be with those who err in matters of the greatest importance, we turn what should be courage into rashness, desperation, recklessness, effrontery; and what should be caution becomes timid, base, and full of fears and perturbations. Let one apply his spirit of caution to things within the reach of his own will, then he will have the subject of avoid-

ance within his own control; but if he transfers it to that which is inevitable, trying to shun that which he cannot control and others can, then he must needs fear, be harassed, and be disturbed. For it is not death or pain that is to be dreaded, but the fear of pain or death. Hence we commend him who says:

"Death is no ill, but *shamefully* to die."[1]

Courage, then, ought to be opposed to death, and caution to the *fear* of death; whereas we, on the contrary, oppose to death, flight; and to these our false convictions concerning it, recklessness, and desperation, and assumed indifference.

Socrates used, very properly, to call these things masks; for as masks appear shocking and formidable to children from their inexperience, so we are thus affected with regard to things for no other reason. For what constitutes a child? Ignorance. What constitutes a child? Want of instruction; for they are our equals, so far as their degree of knowledge permits. What is death? A mask. Turn it on the other side and be convinced. See, it doth not bite. This little body and spirit must be again, as once, separated, either now or hereafter; why, then, are you displeased if it be now? For if not now it will be hereafter. Why? To fulfil the course of the universe; for that hath need of some things present, others to come, and others already completed.

[1] Euripides, Fragments. — H.

What is pain? A mask. Turn it and be convinced.

This weak flesh is sometimes affected by harsh, sometimes by smooth impressions. If suffering be beyond endurance, the door is open; till then, bear it. It is fit that the final door should be open against all accidents, since thus we escape all trouble.

What, then, is the fruit of these principles? What it ought to be; the most noble, and the most suitable to the wise, — tranquillity, security, freedom. For in this case we are not to give credit to the many, who say that none ought to be educated but the free; but rather to the philosophers, who say that the wise alone are free.

"How so?"

Thus: is freedom anything else than the power of living as we like?

"Nothing else."

Well; tell me then, do you like to live in error?

"We do not. No one who lives in error is free."

Do you like to live in fear? Do you like to live in sorrow? Do you like to live in perturbation?

"By no means."

No one, therefore, in a state of fear, or sorrow, or perturbation, is free; but whoever is delivered from sorrow, fear, and perturbation, by the same means is delivered likewise from slavery. How shall we believe you, then, good legislators, when you say, "We allow none to be educated but the free"? For the

philosophers say, "We allow none to be free but the wise;" that is, God doth not allow it.

"What, then; when any person hath turned his slave about before the consul,[1] has he done nothing?"

Yes, he has.

"What?"

He has turned his slave about before the consul.

"Nothing more?"

Yes. He pays a fine for him.

"Well, then; is not the man who has gone through this ceremony rendered free?"

Only so far as he is emancipated from perturbation. Pray, have you, who are able to give this freedom to others, no master of your own? Are you not a slave to money; to a girl; to a boy; to a tyrant; to some friend of a tyrant? Else why do you tremble when any one of these is in question? Therefore, I so often repeat to you, let this be your study and constant pursuit, to learn in what it is necessary to be courageous, and in what cautious; courageous against the inevitable, cautious so far as your will can control.

"But have I not read my essay to you? Do not you know what I am doing?"

In what?

"In my essays."

Show me in what state you are as to desires and aversions; whether you do not fail of what you wish, and incur what you would avoid; but, as to these

[1] The prescribed form of manumission. — H.

commonplace essays, if you are wise, you will take them, and destroy them.

"Why? Did not Socrates write?"

Yes; who so much? But how? As he had not always one at hand to argue against his principles, or be argued against in his turn, he argued with and examined himself, and always made practical application of some one great principle at least. These are the things which a philosopher writes; but such commonplaces as those of which I speak he leaves to the foolish, or to the happy creatures whom idleness furnishes with leisure, or to such as are too weak to regard consequences. And yet will you, when opportunity offers, come forward to exhibit and read aloud such things, and take a pride in them?

"Pray, see how I compose dialogues."

Talk not of that, man, but rather be able to say, See how I accomplish my purposes; see how I avert what I wish to shun. Set death before me; set pain, a prison, disgrace, doom, and you will know me? This should be the pride of a young man come out from the schools. Leave the rest to others. Let no one ever hear you waste a word upon them, nor suffer it, if any one commends you for them; but admit that you are nobody, and that you know nothing. Appear to know only this, never to fail nor fall. Let others study cases, problems, and syllogisms. Do you rather contemplate death, change, torture, exile; and all these with courage, and reliance upon Him

who hath called you to them, and judged you worthy a post in which you may show what reason can do when it encounters the inevitable. And thus this paradox ceases to be a paradox, that we must be at once cautious and courageous; courageous against the inevitable, and cautious when events are within our own control.

CHAPTER II.

OF TRANQUILLITY.

CONSIDER, you who are going to take your trial, what you wish to preserve, and in what to succeed. For if you wish to preserve a mind in harmony with nature, you are entirely safe; everything goes well; you have no trouble on your hands. While you wish to preserve that freedom which belongs to you, and are contented with that, for what have you longer to be anxious? For who is the master of things like these? Who can take them away? If you wish to be a man of modesty and fidelity, who shall prevent you? If you wish not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desires contrary to your principles; to aversions contrary to your opinion? The judge, perhaps, will pass a sentence against you, which he thinks formidable; but can he likewise make you receive it with shrink-

ing? Since, then, desire and aversion are in your own power, for what have you to be anxious? Let this be your introduction; this your narration; this your proof; this your conclusion; this your victory; and this your applause. Thus said Socrates to one who put him in mind to prepare himself for his trial: "Do you not think that I have been preparing myself for this very thing my whole life long?" By what kind of preparation? "I have attended to my own work." What mean you? "I have done nothing unjust, either in public or in private life."

But if you wish to retain possession of outward things too, your body, your estate, your dignity, I advise you immediately to prepare yourself by every possible preparation; and besides, to consider the disposition of your judge and of your adversary. If it be necessary to embrace his knees, do so; if to weep, weep; if to groan, groan. For when you have once made yourself a slave to externals, be a slave wholly; do not struggle, and be alternately willing and unwilling, but be simply and thoroughly the one or the other, — free, or a slave; instructed, or ignorant; a game-cock, or a craven; either bear to be beaten till you die, or give out at once; and do not be soundly beaten first, and then give out at last.

If both alternatives be shameful, learn immediately to distinguish where good and evil lie. They lie where truth likewise lies. Where truth and nature dictate, there exercise caution or courage. Why, do

you think that if Socrates had concerned himself about externals, he would have said, when he appeared at his trial, "Anytus and Melitus may indeed kill me, but hurt me they cannot"? Was he so foolish as not to see that this way did not lead to safety, but the contrary? What, then, is the reason that he not only disregarded, but defied, his judges? Thus my friend Heraclitus, in a trifling suit about a little estate at Rhodes, after having proved to the judges that his cause was good, when he came to the conclusion of his speech, "I will not entreat you," said he; "nor be anxious as to what judgment you give; for it is rather you who are to be judged, than I." And thus he lost his suit. What need was there of this? Be content not to entreat; yet do not proclaim that you will not entreat; unless it be a proper time to provoke the judges designedly, as in the case of Socrates. But if you too are preparing such a speech as his, what do you wait for? Why do you consent to be tried? For if you wish to be hanged, have patience, and the gibbet will come. But if you choose rather to consent, and make your defence as well as you can, all the rest is to be ordered accordingly, with a due regard, however, to the preservation of your own proper character.

For this reason it is absurd to call upon me for specific advice. How should I know what to advise you? Ask me rather to teach you to accommodate yourself to whatever may be the event. The former

is just as if an illiterate person should say, "Tell me how to write down some name that is proposed to me;" and I show him how to write the name of Dion; and then another comes, and asks him to write the name, not of Dion, but of Theon. What will be the consequence? What will he write? Whereas, if you make writing your study, you are ready prepared for whatever word may occur; if not, how can I advise you? For if the actual case should suggest something else, what will you say, or how will you act? Remember, then, the general rule, and you will need no special suggestions; but if you are absorbed in externals, you must necessarily be tossed up and down, according to the inclination of your master.

Who is your master? Whosoever controls those things which you seek or shun.

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING SUCH AS RECOMMEND PERSONS TO THE PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES rightly answered one who desired letters of recommendation from him: "At first sight he will know you to be a man; and whether you are a good or a bad man, if he has any skill in distinguishing, he will know likewise; and if he has

not, he will never know it, though I should write a thousand times." Just as if you were a piece of coin, and should desire to be recommended to any person as good, in order to be tried; if it be to an assayer, he will know your value, for you will recommend yourself.

We ought, therefore, in life also to have something analogous to this skill in gold; that one may be able to say, like the assayer, Bring me whatever piece you will, and I will find out its value; or, as I would say with regard to syllogisms, Bring me whomsoever you will, and I will distinguish for you whether he knows how to solve syllogisms, or not. Why? Because I can do that myself, and have that faculty which is necessary for one who can discern persons skilled in such solutions. But how do I act in life? I sometimes call a thing good, at other times bad. What is the cause of this? Something contrary to what occurs to me in syllogisms, — ignorance and inexperience.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCERNING A MAN WHO HAD BEEN GUILTY OF ADULTERY.

JUST as he was once saying that man is made for fidelity, and that whoever subverts this subverts the peculiar property of man, there entered one of

the so-called literary men, who had been found guilty of adultery in that city. But, continued Epictetus, if, laying aside that fidelity for which we were born, we form designs against the wife of our neighbor, what do we? What else but destroy and ruin — what? Fidelity, honor, and sanctity of manners. Only these? And do not we ruin neighborhood, friendship, our country? In what rank do we then place ourselves? How am I to consider you, sir, — as a neighbor; a friend? What sort of one? As a citizen? How shall I trust you? Indeed, if you were some potsherd, so noisome that no use could be made of you, you might be thrown on a dunghill, and no mortal would take the trouble to pick you up; but if, being a man, you cannot fill any one place in human society, what shall we do with you? For, suppose you cannot hold the place of a friend, can you hold even that of a slave? And who will trust you? Why, then, should not you also be contented to be thrown upon some dunghill, as a useless vessel, and indeed as worse than that? Will you say, after this, Has no one any regard for me, a man of letters? Why, you are wicked, and fit for no use. Just as if wasps should take it ill that no one has any regard for them, but all shun, and whoever can, beats them down. You have such a sting that whoever you strike with it is thrown into troubles and sorrows. What would you have us do with you? There is nowhere to place you.

"What, then; are not women made by nature accessible to all?"

I admit it; and so is food at table accessible to those who are invited. But, after it is distributed, will you go and snatch away the share of him who sits next you; or slyly steal it, or stretch out your hand, and taste; and if you cannot tear away any of the meat, dip your fingers and lick them? A fine companion! A Socratic guest indeed! Again, is not the theatre common to all the citizens? Therefore come, when all are seated, if you dare, and turn any one of them out of his place. In this sense only are women accessible by nature; but when the laws, like a good host, have distributed them, cannot you, like the rest of the company, be contented with your own share, but must you pilfer, and taste what belongs to another?

"But I am a man of letters, and understand Archedemus."

With all your understanding of Archedemus, then, you will be an adulterer and a rogue; and instead of a man, a wolf or an ape. For where is the difference?

CHAPTER V.

HOW NOBLENESS OF MIND MAY BE CONSISTENT WITH PRUDENCE.

THE materials of action are variable, but the use we make of them should be constant.

How, then, shall one combine composure and tranquillity with energy; doing nothing rashly, nothing carelessly?

By imitating those who play at games. The dice are variable; the pieces are variable. How do I know what will fall out? But it is my business to manage carefully and dexterously, whatever happens. Thus in life too, this is the chief business, to consider and discriminate things, and say, "Externals are not in my power; choice is. Where shall I seek good and evil? Within; in what is my own." But in what is controlled by others, count nothing good or evil, profitable or hurtful, or any such thing.

What, then; are we to treat these in a careless way?

By no means; for this, on the other hand, would be a perversion of the will, and so contrary to nature. But we are to act with care, because the use of our materials is not indifferent; and at the same time with calmness and tranquillity, because the materials them-

selves are uncertain. For where a thing is not uncertain, there no one can restrain or compel me. Where I am capable of being restrained or compelled, the acquisition does not depend upon me; nor is it either good or evil. The use of it, indeed, is either good or evil; but that *does* depend upon me. It is difficult, I own, to blend and unite tranquillity in accepting, and energy in using, the facts of life; but it is not impossible; if it be, it is impossible to be happy. How do we act in a voyage? What is in my power? To choose the pilot, the sailors, the day, the hour. Afterwards comes a storm. What have I to care for? My part is performed. This matter belongs to another, to the pilot. But the ship is sinking; what then have I to do? That which alone I can do; I submit to being drowned, without fear, without clamor, or accusing God; but as one who knows that what is born must likewise die. For I am not eternity, but a man, — a part of the whole, as an hour is of the day. I must come like an hour, and like an hour must pass away. What signifies it whether by drowning or by a fever? For, in some way or other, pass I must.

This you may see to be the practice of those who play skilfully at ball. No one strives for the ball itself, as either a good or an evil; but how he may throw and catch it again. Here lies the address, here the art, the nimbleness, the skill; lest I fail to catch it, even when I open my breast for it, while

another catches it whenever I throw it. But if we catch or throw it in fear and trembling, what kind of play will this be? How shall we keep ourselves steady, or how see the order of the game? One will say, throw; another, do not throw; a third, you have thrown once already. This is a mere quarrel, not a play. Therefore Socrates well understood playing at ball.

"What do you mean?"

When he joked at his trial. "Tell me," said he, "Anytus, how can you say that I do not believe in a God? What do you think demons are? Are they not either the offspring of the gods, or compounded of gods and men?" Yes. "Do you think, then, that one can believe there are mules, and not believe that there are asses?" This was just as if he had been playing at ball. And what was the ball he had to play with? Life, chains, exile, a draught of poison, separation from a wife, and leaving his children orphans. These were what he had to play with; and yet he did play, and threw the ball with address. Thus we should be careful as to the play, but indifferent as to the ball. We are by all means to manage our materials with art, — not taking them for the best, but showing our art about them, whatever they may happen to be. Thus a weaver does not make the wool, but employs his art upon what is given him. It is another who gives you food and property, and may take them away, and your paltry body too. Do

you, however, work upon the materials you have received; and then, if you come off unhurt, others, no doubt, who meet you, will congratulate you on your escape. But he who has a clearer insight into such things will praise and congratulate you if he sees you to have done well; but if you owe your escape to any unbecoming action, he will do the contrary. For where there is a reasonable cause for rejoicing, there is cause likewise for congratulation.

How, then, are some external circumstances said to be according to nature; others contrary to it?

Only when we are viewed as isolated individuals. I will allow that it is natural for the foot (for instance) to be clean. But if you take it as a foot, and not as a mere isolated thing, it will be fit that it should walk in the dirt, and tread upon thorns; and sometimes that it should even be cut off, for the good of the whole; otherwise it is no longer a foot. We should reason in some such manner concerning ourselves. Who are you? A man. If then, indeed, you consider yourself isolatedly, it is natural that you should live to old age, should be prosperous and healthy; but if you consider yourself as a man, and as a part of the whole, it will be fit, in view of that whole, that you should at one time be sick; at another, take a voyage, and be exposed to danger; sometimes be in want; and possibly die before your time. Why, then, are you displeased? Do not you know that otherwise, just as the other ceases to be a

foot, so you are no longer a man? For what is a man? A part of a commonwealth; first and chiefly of that which includes both gods and men; and next, of that to which you immediately belong, which is a miniature of the universal city.

What, then; must I, at one time, go before a tribunal; must another, at another time, be scorched by a fever; another be exposed to the sea; another die; another be condemned?

Yes; for it is impossible, in such a body, in such a world, and among such companions, but that some one or other of us must meet with such circumstances. Your business, then, is simply to say what you ought, to order things as the case requires. After this comes some one and says, "I pronounce that you have acted unjustly." Much good may it do you; I have done my part. You are to look to it, whether you have done yours; for you may as well understand that there is some danger in that quarter also.

CHAPTER VI.

OF CIRCUMSTANCES.[1]

A PROCESS of reasoning may be an indifferent thing; but our judgment concerning it is not indifferent; for it is either knowledge, or opinion, or mistake. So the events of life occur indifferently, but the use of it is not indifferent. When you are told, therefore, that these things are indifferent, do not, on that account, ever be careless; nor yet, when you are governed by prudence, be abject, and dazzled by externals. It is good to know your own qualifications and powers; that, where you are not qualified, you may be quiet, and not angry that others have there the advantage of you. For you too will think it reasonable, that you should have the advantage in the art of reasoning; and, if others should be angry at it, you will tell them, by way of consolation, "This I have learned, and you have not." Thus too, wherever practice is necessary, do not pretend to what can only be attained by practice; but leave the matter to those who are practised, and do you be contented in your own serenity.

[1] This discourse is supposed to have been addressed to a pupil, who feared to remain at Rome, because of the persecutions aimed by Domitian at the philosophers. — H.

"Go, for instance, and pay your court to such a person." How? I will not do it abjectly. So I find myself shut out; for I have not learned to get in at the window, and finding the door shut, I must necessarily either go back, or get in at the window. "But speak to him at least." I am willing. "In what manner?" Not basely at any rate. "Well, you have failed." This is not your business, but his. Why do you claim what belongs to another? Always remember what is your own, and what is another's, and you will never be disturbed.

Hence Chrysippus rightly says: While consequences are uncertain, I will keep to those things which will bring me most in harmony with nature; for God himself hath formed me to choose this. If I knew that it was inevitable for me to be sick, I would conform my inclinations that way; for even the foot, if it had understanding, would be inclined to get into the dirt. For why are ears of corn produced, if it be not to ripen? And why do they ripen, if not to be reaped? For they are not isolated, individual things. If they were capable of sense, do you think they would wish never to be reaped? It would be a curse upon ears of corn not to be reaped, and we ought to know that it would be a curse upon man not to die; like that of not ripening, and not being reaped. Since, then, it is necessary for us to be reaped, and we have at the same time understanding to know it, are we angry at it? This is only because we neither

know what we are, nor have we studied what belongs to man, as jockeys do what belongs to horses. Yet Chrysantas, when he was about to strike an enemy, on hearing the trumpet sound a retreat, drew back his hand; for he thought it more eligible to obey the command of his general, than his own inclination.[1] But not one of us, even when necessity calls, is ready and willing to obey it; but we weep and groan over painful events, calling them our "circumstances." What circumstances, man? For if you call what surrounds you circumstances, everything is a circumstance; but if by this you mean hardships, where is the hardship, that whatever is born must die? The instrument is either a sword, or a wheel, or the sea, or a tile, or a tyrant; and what does it signify to you by what way you descend to Hades? All are equal; but, if you would hear the truth, the shortest is that by which a tyrant sends you. No tyrant was ever six months in cutting any man's throat; but a fever often takes a year. All these things are mere sound, and the rumor of empty names.

"My life is in danger from Cæsar."

And am I not in danger, who dwell at Nicopolis, where there are so many earthquakes? And when

[1] In a speech which Cyrus made to his soldiers, after the battle with the Assyrians, he mentioned Chrysantas, one of his captains, with particular honor, for this instance of obedience. Xenoph. Cyrop iv. 1. — C.

you yourself recross the Adriatic, what is then in danger? Is it not your life?

"Ay, and my convictions also."

What, your own? How so? Can any one compel you to have any convictions contrary to your own inclination?

"But the convictions of others too."

And what danger is it of yours, if others have false convictions?

"But I am in danger of being banished."

What is it to be banished? Only to be somewhere else than at Rome.

"Yes; but what if I should be sent to Gyaros?"[1]

If it be thought best for you, you will go; if not, there is another place than Gyaros whither you are sure to go, — where he who now sends you to Gyaros must go likewise, whether he will or not. Why, then, do you come to these, as to great trials? They are not equal to your powers. So that an ingenuous young man would say, it was not worth while for this to have read and written so much, and to have sat so long listening to this old man. Only remember the distinction between what is your own and what is not your own, and you will never claim what belongs to others. Judicial bench or dungeon, each is but a place, — one high, the other low; but your will is equal to either condition, and if you have a mind to keep it so, it may be so kept. We shall then become

[1] A place of banishment. — H.

imitators of Socrates, when, even in a prison, we are able to write hymns of praise;[1] but as we now are, consider whether we could even bear to have another say to us in prison, "Shall I read you a hymn of praise?" "Why do you trouble me; do you not know my sad situation? In such circumstances, am I able to hear hymns?" What circumstances? "I am going to die." And are all other men to be immortal?

CHAPTER VII.

OF DIVINATION.

FROM an unseasonable regard to divination, we omit many duties; for what can the diviner contemplate besides death, danger, sickness, and such matters? When it is necessary, then, to expose one's self to danger for a friend, or even a duty to die for him, what occasion have I for divination? Have not I a diviner within, who has told me the essence of good and evil, and who explains to me the indications of both? What further need, then, have I of signs or auguries? Can I tolerate the other diviner, when he says, "This is for your interest"? For does he know what is for my interest? Does he know what good is? Has he learned the indications of

[1] Diogenes Laertius in his life of Socrates (c. 42) gives the first verse of a hymn thus composed by him. — H.

good and evil, as he has those of the victims? If so, he knows the indications likewise of fair and base, just and unjust. You may predict to me, sir, what is to befall me, — life or death, riches or poverty. But whether these things are for my interest or not, I shall not inquire of you. "Why?" Because you cannot even give an opinion about points of grammar; and do you give it here, in things about which all men differ and dispute? Therefore the lady who was going to send a month's provision to Gratilla,[1] in her banishment, made a right answer to one who told her that Domitian would seize it. "I had rather," said she, "that he should seize it, than I not send it."

What, then, is it that leads us so often to divination? Cowardice; the dread of events. Hence we flatter the diviners. "Pray, sir, shall I inherit my father's estate?" "Let us see; let us sacrifice upon the occasion." "Nay, sir, just as fortune pleases." Then if he predicts that we shall inherit it, we give him thanks, as if we received the inheritance from *him*. The consequence of this is, that they impose upon us.

What, then, is to be done?

We should come without previous desire or aversion; as a traveller inquires the road of the person he meets, without any desire for that which turns to

[1] A lady of high rank at Rome, banished from Italy, among many noble persons, by Domitian. — C.

the right hand, more than for that to the left; for he wishes for neither of these, but only for that road which leads him properly. Thus we should come to God as to a guide, — just as we make use of our eyes; not persuading them to show us one object rather than another, but receiving such as they present to us. But now we conduct the augury with fear and trembling, and in our invocations to God, entreat him: "Lord, have mercy upon me, suffer me to come off safe." Foolish man! would you have anything then but what is best? And what is best but what pleases God? Why would you then, so far as in you lies, corrupt your judge and seduce your adviser?

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN CONSISTS THE ESSENCE OF GOOD.

GOD is beneficial. Good is also beneficial. It should seem, then, that where the essence of God is, there too is the essence of good. What then is the essence of God, — flesh? By no means. An estate? Fame? By no means. Intelligence? Knowledge? Right reason? Certainly. Here, then, without more ado, seek the essence of good. For do you seek that quality in a plant? No. Or in a brute? No. If, then, you seek it only in a rational subject, why do you seek it anywhere but in what distin-

guishes that from things irrational? Plants make no voluntary use of things, and therefore you do not apply the term of *good* to them. *Good*, then, implies such use. And nothing else? If so, you may say that good and happiness and unhappiness belong to mere animals. But this you do not say, and you are right; for, how much soever they have the use of things, they have not the intelligent use, and with good reason; for they are made to be subservient to others, and not of primary importance. Why was an ass made? Was it as being of primary importance? No; but because we had need of a back able to carry burdens. We had need too that he should be capable of locomotion; therefore he had the voluntary use of things added, otherwise he could not have moved. But here his endowments end; for, if an understanding of that use had been likewise added, he would not, in reason, have been subject to us, nor have done us these services, but would have been like and equal to ourselves. Why will you not, therefore, seek the essence of good in that without which you cannot say that there is good in anything?

What then? Are not all these likewise the works of the gods? They are; but not primary existences, nor parts of the gods. But you are a primary existence. You are a distinct portion of the essence of God, and contain a certain part of him in yourself. Why then are you ignorant of your noble birth?

Why do not you consider whence you came? Why do not you remember, when you are eating, who you are who eat, and whom you feed? When you are in the company of women, when you are conversing, when you are exercising, when you are disputing, do not you know that it is the Divine you feed, the Divine you exercise? You carry a God about with you, poor wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose I mean some god without you of gold or silver? It is within yourself that you carry him; and you do not observe that you profane him by impure thoughts and unclean actions. If the mere external image of God were present, you would not dare to act as you do; and when God himself is within you, and hears and sees all, are not you ashamed to think and act thus, — insensible of your own nature, and at enmity with God?

Why, then, are we afraid, when we send a young man from the school into active life, that he should behave indecently, eat indecently, converse indecently with women; that he should either debase himself by slovenliness, or clothe himself too finely? Knows he not the God within him? Knows he not in what company he goes? It is provoking to hear him say [to his instructor], "I wish to have *you* with me." Have you not God? Do you seek any other, while you have him? Or will He tell you any other things than these? If you were a statue of Phidias, as Zeus or Athena, you would remember both yourself

and the artist; and if you had any sense, you would endeavor to be in no way unworthy of him who formed you, nor of yourself; nor to appear in an unbecoming manner to spectators. And are you now careless how you appear when you are the workmanship of Zeus himself? And yet, what comparison is there, either between the artists, or the things they have formed? What work of any artist has conveyed into its structure those very faculties which are shown in shaping it? Is it anything but marble, or brass, or gold, or ivory? And the Athena of Phidias, when its hand is once extended, and a *Victory* placed in it, remains in that attitude forever. But the works of God are endowed with motion, breath, the powers of use and judgment. Being, then, the work of such an artist, will you dishonor him, especially when he hath not only formed you, but given your guardianship to yourself? Will you not only be forgetful of this, but, moreover, dishonor the trust? If God had committed some orphan to your charge, would you have been thus careless of him? He has delivered yourself to your care; and says, "I had no one fitter to be trusted than you; preserve this person for me, such as he is by nature, — modest, faithful, noble, unterrified, dispassionate, tranquil." And will you not preserve him?

But it will be said: "What need of this lofty look, and dignity of face?"

I answer, that I have not yet so much dignity as

the case demands; for I do not yet trust to what I have learned, and accepted. I still fear my own weakness. Let me but take courage a little, and then you shall see such a look, and such an appearance, as I ought to have. Then I will show you the statue when it is finished, when it is polished. Do you think I will show you a supercilious countenance? Heaven forbid! For Olympian Zeus doth not haughtily lift his brow, but keeps a steady countenance, as becomes him who is about to say, —

"My promise is irrevocable, sure."[1]

Such will I show myself to you; faithful, modest, noble, tranquil.

"What, and immortal too, and exempt from age and sickness?"

No. But sickening and dying as becomes the divine within me. This is in my power; this I can do. The other is not in my power, nor can I do it. Shall I show you the muscular training of a philosopher?

"What muscles are those?"

A will undisappointed, evils avoided, powers duly exerted, careful resolutions, unerring decisions. These you shall see.

[1] Iliad, i. 526. — H.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT SOME PERSONS, FAILING TO FULFIL WHAT THE CHARACTER OF A MAN IMPLIES, ASSUME THAT OF A PHILOSOPHER.

IT were no slight attainment, could we merely fulfil what the nature of man implies. For what is man? A rational and mortal being. Well; from what are we distinguished by reason? From wild beasts. From what else? From sheep, and the like.

Take care, then, to do nothing like a wild beast; otherwise you have destroyed the man; you have not fulfilled what your nature promises. Take care too, to do nothing like cattle; for thus likewise the man is destroyed.

In what do we act like cattle?

When we act gluttonously, lewdly, rashly, sordidly, inconsiderately, into what are we sunk? Into cattle. What have we destroyed? The rational being.

When we behave contentiously, injuriously, passionately, and violently, into what have we sunk? Into wild beasts.

And further, some of us are wild beasts of a larger size; others little mischievous vermin, such as suggest the proverb, Let me rather be eaten by a lion.

By all these means, that is destroyed which the nature of man implies.

For when is a conjunctive proposition sustained? When it fulfils what its nature implies. So then the sustaining of such a proposition consists in this, that its several parts remain a series of truths.

When is a disjunctive proposition sustained? When it fulfils what its nature implies.

When is a flute, a harp, a horse, or a dog, preserved in existence? While each fulfils what its nature implies.

Where is the wonder, then, that manhood should be preserved or destroyed in the same manner? All things are preserved and improved by exercising their proper functions; as a carpenter, by building; a grammarian, by grammar; but if he permit himself to write ungrammatically, his art will necessarily be spoiled and destroyed. Thus modest actions preserve the modest man, and immodest ones destroy him; faithful actions preserve the faithful man, and the contrary destroy him. On the other hand, the contrary actions heighten the contrary characters. Thus the practice of immodesty develops an immodest character; knavery, a knavish one; slander, a slanderous one; anger, an angry one; and fraud, a covetous one.

For this reason, philosophers advise us not to be contented with mere learning, but to add meditation likewise, and then practice. For we have been long

accustomed to perverse actions, and have practised upon wrong opinions. If, therefore, we do not likewise habituate ourselves to practise upon right opinions, we shall be nothing more than expositors of the abstract doctrines of others. For who among us is not already able to discourse, according to the rules of art, upon good and evil? — "That some things are good, some evil, and others indifferent; the good include the virtues and all things appertaining; the evil comprise the contrary; and the indifferent include riches, health, reputation;" and then, if while we are saying all this, there should happen some more than ordinary noise, or one of the by-standers should laugh at us, we are disconcerted. Philosopher, what is become of what you were saying? Whence did it proceed, — merely from your lips? Why, then, do you confound the remedies which might be useful to others? Why do you trifle on the most important subjects? It is one thing to hoard up provision in a storehouse, and another to eat it. What is eaten is assimilated, digested, and becomes nerves, flesh, bones, blood, color, breath. Whatever is hoarded is ready indeed, whenever you desire to show it; but is of no further use to you than in the mere knowledge that you have it.

For what difference does it make whether you discourse on these doctrines, or those of the heterodox? Sit down and comment skilfully on Epicurus, for instance; perhaps you may comment more profitably

than himself. Why then do you call yourself a Stoic? Why do you act like a Jew, when you are a Greek? Do not you see on what terms each is called a Jew, a Syrian, an Egyptian? And when we see any one wavering, we are wont to say, This is not a Jew, but only acts like one. But, when he assumes the sentiments of one who has been baptized and circumcised, then he both really is, and is called, a Jew. Thus we, falsifying our profession, may be Jews in name, but are in reality something else. We are inconsistent with our own discourse; we are far from practising what we teach, and what we pride ourselves on knowing. Thus, while we are unable to fulfil what the character of a man implies, we are ready to assume besides so vast a weight as that of a philosopher. As if a person, incapable of lifting ten pounds, should endeavor to heave the same stone with Ajax.

CHAPTER X.

HOW WE MAY INFER THE DUTIES OF LIFE FROM ITS NOMINAL FUNCTIONS.

CONSIDER who you are. In the first place, a man; that is, one who recognizes nothing superior to the faculty of free will, but all things as subject to this; and this itself as not to be enslaved or subjected to anything. Consider, then, from what

you are distinguished by reason. You are distinguished from wild beasts; you are distinguished from cattle. Besides, you are a citizen of the universe, and a part of it; not a subordinate, but a principal part. You are capable of comprehending the Divine economy, and of considering the connections of things. What then does the character of a citizen imply? To hold no private interest; to deliberate of nothing as a separate individual, but rather like the hand or the foot, which, if they had reason, and comprehended the constitution of nature, would never pursue, or desire, but with a reference to the whole. Hence the philosophers rightly say, that, if it were possible for a wise and good man to foresee what was to happen, he might co-operate in bringing on himself sickness, and death, and mutilation, being sensible that these things are appointed in the order of the universe; and that the whole is superior to a part, and the city to the citizen. But, since we do not foreknow what is to happen, it becomes our duty to hold to what is more agreeable to our choice, for this too is a part of our birthright.

Remember next, that perhaps you are a son, and what does this character imply? To esteem everything that is his, as belonging to his father; in every instance to obey him; not to revile him to any one; not to say or do anything injurious to him; to give way and yield in everything, co-operating with him to the utmost of his power.

After this, know likewise, that you are a brother too; and that to this character it belongs to make concessions, to be easily persuaded, to use gentle language, never to claim for yourself any non-essential thing, but cheerfully to give up these to be repaid by a larger share of things essential. For consider what it is, instead of a lettuce, for instance, or a chair, to procure for yourself a good temper. How great an advantage gained!

If, beside this, you are a senator of any city, demean yourself as a senator; if a youth, as a youth; if an old man, as an old man. For each of these names, if it comes to be considered, always points out the proper duties; but, if you go and revile your brother, I tell you that you have forgotten who you are, and what is your name. If you were a smith, and made an ill use of the hammer, you would have forgotten the smith; and if you have forgotten the brother, and are become, instead of a brother, an enemy, do you imagine you have made no change of one thing for another, in that case? If, instead of a man, — a gentle, social creature, — you have become a wild beast, mischievous, insidious, biting, have you lost nothing? Is it only the loss of money which is reckoned damage; and is there no other thing, the loss of which damages a man? If you were to part with your skill in grammar or in music, would you think the loss of these a damage; and yet, if you part with honor, decency, and gentleness, do you think that no matter?

Yet the first may be lost by some cause external and inevitable; but the last only by our own fault. There is no shame in not having or in losing the one; but either not to have or to lose the other is equally shameful and reproachful and unhappy. What does the debauchee lose? Manhood. What does he lose who made him such? Many things, but manhood also. What does an adulterer lose? The modest, the chaste character; the good neighbor. What does an angry person lose? A coward? Each loses his portion. No one is wicked without some loss or damage. Now if, after all, you treat the loss of money as the only damage, all these are unhurt and uninjured. Nay, they may be even gainers; as, by such practices, their money may possibly be increased. But consider; if you refer everything to money, then a man who loses his nose is not hurt. Yes, say you; he is maimed in his body. Well, but does he who loses his sense of smell itself lose nothing? Is there, then, no faculty of the soul which benefits the possessor, and which it is an injury to lose?

"Of what sort do you mean?"

Have we not a natural sense of honor?

"We have."

Does he who loses this suffer no damage? Is he deprived of nothing? Does he part with nothing that belongs to him? Have we no natural fidelity; no natural affection; no natural disposition to mutual usefulness, to mutual forbearance? Is he, then,

who carelessly suffers himself to be damaged in these respects still safe and uninjured?

"What, then; shall not I injure him who has injured me?"

Consider first what injury is; and remember what you have heard from the philosophers. For, if both good and evil lie in the will, see whether what you say does not amount to this: "Since he has hurt himself by injuring me, shall I not hurt myself by injuring him?" Why do we not make to ourselves some such representation as this? Are we hurt when any detriment happens to our bodily possessions, and are we not at all hurt when our will is depraved? He who has erred, or injured another, has indeed no pain in his head; nor loses an eye, nor a leg, nor an estate; and we wish for nothing beyond these. Whether our will be habitually humble and faithful, or shameless and unfaithful, we regard as a thing indifferent, except only in the discussions of the schools. In that case, all the improvement we make reaches only to words; and beyond them is absolutely nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNING OF PHILOSOPHY.

THE beginning of philosophy, at least to such as enter upon it in a proper way, and by the door, is a consciousness of our own weakness and inability

in necessary things. For we came into the world without any natural idea of a right-angled triangle; of a diesis, or a semitone, in music; but we learn each of these things by some artistic instruction. Hence, they who do not understand them do not assume to understand them. But who ever came into the world without an innate idea of good and evil, fair and base, becoming and unbecoming, happiness and misery, proper and improper; what ought to be done, and what not to be done? Hence, we all make use of the terms, and endeavor to apply our impressions to particular cases. "Such a one hath acted well, not well; right, not right; is unhappy, is happy; is just, is unjust." Which of us refrains from these terms? Who defers the use of them till he has learnt it, as those do who are ignorant of lines and sounds? The reason of this is, that we come instructed in some degree by nature upon these subjects; and from this beginning, we go on to add self-conceit. "For why," say you, "should I not know what fair or base is? Have I not the idea of it?" You have. "Do I not apply this idea to the particular instance?" You do. "Do I not apply it rightly, then?" Here lies the whole question; and here arises the self-conceit. Beginning from these acknowledged points, men proceed, by applying them improperly, to reach the very position most questionable. For, if they knew how to apply them also, they would be all but perfect.

If you think that you know how to apply your gen-

eral principles to particular cases, tell me on what you base this application.

"Upon its seeming so to me."

But it does not seem so to another; and does not he too think that he makes a right application?

"He does."

Is it possible, then, that each of you should rightly apply your principles, on the very subjects about which your opinions conflict?

"It is not."

Have you anything to show us, then, for this application, beyond the fact of its seeming so to you? And does a madman act any otherwise than seems to him right? Is this, then, a sufficient criterion for him too?

"It is not."

Come, therefore, to some stronger ground than seeming.

"What is that?"

The beginning of philosophy is this: the being sensible of the disagreement of men with each other; an inquiry into the cause of this disagreement; and a disapprobation and distrust of what merely seems; a careful examination into what seems, whether it seem rightly; and the discovery of some rule which shall serve like a balance, for the determination of weights; like a square, for distinguishing straight and crooked. This is the beginning of philosophy.

Is it possible that all things which seem right to all

persons are so? Can things contradictory be right? We say not all things; but all that seem so to *us*. And why more to *you* than to the Syrians or Egyptians; than to me, or to any other man? Not at all more.

Therefore, what seems to each man is not sufficient to determine the reality of a thing; for even in weights and measures we are not satisfied with the bare appearance, but for everything we find some rule. And is there, then, in the present case no rule preferable to what seems? Is it possible that what is of the greatest necessity in human life should be left incapable of determination and discovery?

There must be some rule. And why do we not seek and discover it, and, when we have discovered, ever after make use of it, without fail, so as not even to move a finger without it? For this, I conceive, is what, when found, will cure those of their madness who make use of no other measure but their own perverted way of thinking. Afterwards, beginning from certain known and determinate points, we may make use of general principles, properly applied to particulars.

Thus, what is the subject that falls under our inquiry? Pleasure. Bring it to the rule. Throw it into the scale. Must good be something in which it is fit to confide, and to which we may trust? Yes. Is it fit to trust to anything unstable? No. Is pleasure, then, a stable thing? No. Take it, then, and

throw it out of the scale, and drive it far distant from the place of good things.

But, if you are not quick-sighted, and one balance is insufficient, bring another. Is it fit to be elated by good? Yes. Is it fit, then, to be elated by a present pleasure? See that you do not say it is; otherwise I shall not think you so much as worthy to use a scale. Thus are things judged and weighed, when we have the rules ready. This is the part of philosophy, to examine, and fix the rules; and to make use of them, when they are known, is the business of a wise and good man.

CHAPTER XII.

OF DISPUTATION.

WHAT things are to be learned, in order to the right use of reason, the philosophers of our sect have accurately taught; but we are altogether unpractised in the due application of them. Only give to any one of us whom you will some illiterate person for an antagonist, and he will not find out how to treat him. But when he has a little moved the man, if he happens to answer at cross purposes, the questioner knows not how to deal with him any further, but either reviles or laughs at him, and says: "He is an illiterate fellow; there is no making anything of him." Yet a guide, when he perceives his

charge going out of the way, does not revile and ridicule and then leave him, but leads him into the right path. Do you also show your antagonist the truth, and you will see that he will follow. But till you show it, do not ridicule him; but rather be sensible of your own incapacity.

How, then, did Socrates use to act? He obliged his antagonist himself to bear testimony to him; and wanted no other witness. Hence he might well say,[1] "I give up all the rest, and am always satisfied with the testimony of my opponent; and I call in no one to vote, but my antagonist alone." For he rendered the arguments drawn from natural impressions so clear, that every one saw and avoided the contradiction. "Does an envious man rejoice?" "By no means; he rather grieves." (This he moves him to say by proposing the contrary.) "Well, and do you think envy to be a grief caused by evils?" "And who ever envied evils?" (Therefore he makes the other say, that envy is a grief caused by things good.) "Does any one envy those things which are nothing to him?" "No, surely." Having thus fully drawn out his idea, he then leaves that point, not saying, "Define to me what envy is;" and after he has defined it, "You have defined it wrong; for the definition does not correspond to the thing defined."

[1] Plato, Gorgias, § 69, and elsewhere. — H.

There are phrases repulsive and obscure to the illiterate, which yet we cannot dispense with. But we have no capacity at all to move them, by such arguments as might lead them, in following the methods of their own minds, to admit or abandon any position. And from a consciousness of this incapacity, those among us who have any modesty give the matter entirely up; but the greater part, rashly entering upon these debates, mutually confound and are confounded, and at last, reviling and reviled, walk off. Whereas it was the principal and most peculiar characteristic of Socrates, never to be provoked in a dispute, nor to throw out any reviling or injurious expression; but to bear patiently with those who reviled him, and thus put an end to the controversy. If you would know how great abilities he had in this particular, read Xenophon's Banquet, and you will see how many controversies he ended. Hence, even among the poets, this is justly mentioned with the highest commendation, —

"Wisely at once the greatest strife to still."[1]

But what then? This is no very safe affair now, and especially at Rome. For he who does it must not do it in a corner, but go to some rich consular senator, for instance, and question him. Pray, sir, can you tell me to whom you intrust your horses?

[1] Hesiod, Theogony, 87. — H.

"Yes, certainly." Is it then to any one indifferently, though he be ignorant of horsemanship? "By no means." To whom do you intrust your gold or your silver or your clothes? "Not to any one indifferently." And did you ever consider to whom you committed the care of your body? "Yes, surely." To one skilled in exercise or medicine, I suppose? "Without doubt." Are these things your chief good, or are you possessed of something better than all of them? "What do you mean?" Something which makes use of these, and deliberates and counsels about each of them. "What, then; do you mean the soul?" You have guessed rightly; for indeed I do mean that. "I do really think it a much better possession than all the rest." Can you show us, then, in what manner you have taken care of this soul? For it is not probable that a person of your wisdom and approved character in the state would carelessly suffer the most excellent thing that belongs to you to be neglected and lost. "No, certainly." But do you take care of it yourself; and is it done by the instructions of another, or by your own ability? — Here, now, comes the danger that he may first say, "Pray, good sir, what business is that of yours? What are you to me?" Then if you persist in troubling him, he may lift up his hand and give you a box on the ear. I myself was once a great admirer of this method of instruction, till I fell into this kind of adventures.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF ANXIETY.

WHEN I see any one anxious, I say, what does this man mean? Unless he wanted something or other not in his own power, how could he still be anxious? A musician, for instance, feels no anxiety while he is singing by himself; but when he appears upon the stage he does, even if his voice be ever so good, or he plays ever so well. For what he wishes is not only to sing well, but likewise to gain applause. But this is not in his own power. In short, where his skill lies, there is his courage. Bring any ignorant person, and he does not mind him; but in the point which he neither understands nor has studied, there he is anxious.

"What point is that?"

He does not understand what a multitude is, nor what the applause of a multitude. He has learnt, indeed, how to sound bass and treble; but what the applause of the many is, and what force it has in life, he neither understands nor has studied. Hence he must necessarily tremble and turn pale. I cannot indeed say that a man is no musician, when I see him afraid; but I can say something else, and indeed many things. And first of all I call him a

stranger, and say, this man does not know in what country he is; and though he has lived here so long, he is ignorant of the laws and customs of the state, and what is permitted and what not; nor has he ever consulted any legal adviser, who might tell and explain to him the laws. But no man writes a will without knowing how it ought to be written, or consulting some one who knows; nor does he rashly sign a bond, or give security. Yet he indulges his desires and aversions, exerts his pursuits, intentions, and resolutions, without consulting any legal adviser about the matter.

"How do you mean, without a legal adviser?"

He knows not when he chooses what is not allowed him, and does not choose what is necessary; and he knows not what is his own, and what belongs to others; for if he did know he would never be hindered, would never be restrained, would never be anxious.

"How so?"

Why, does any one fear things that are not evils?

"No."

Does any one fear things that seem evils indeed, but which it is in his own power to prevent?

"No, surely."

If, then, the things independent of our will are neither good nor evil, and all things that do depend on will are in our own power, and can neither be taken away from us nor given to us unless we please,

what room is there left for anxiety? But we are anxious about this paltry body or estate of ours, or about what Cæsar thinks, and not at all about anything internal. Are we ever anxious not to take up a false opinion? No; for this is within our own power. Or not to follow any pursuit contrary to nature? No, nor this. When, therefore, you see any one pale with anxiety, just as the physician pronounces from the complexion that such a patient is disordered in the spleen, and another in the liver, so do you likewise say, this man is disordered in his desires and aversions; he cannot walk steadily; he is in a fever. For nothing else changes the complexion, or causes trembling, or sets the teeth chattering.

"He crouching walks, or squats upon his heels."[1]

Therefore Zeno,[2] when he was to meet Antigonus, felt no anxiety. For over that which he prized, Antigonus had no power; and those things over which he had power, Zeno did not regard. But Antigonus felt anxiety when he was to meet Zeno, and with reason, for he was desirous to please him; and this

[1] Homer, Iliad, xiii. 281. — H.

[2] Antigonus Gonatas, king of Macedon, had so great an esteem for Zeno, that he often took a journey to Athens to visit him, and endeavored, by magnificent promises, to allure him to his court, but without success. He gave it as a reason for the distinguished regard which he paid him, that, though he had made him many and very considerable offers, Zeno never appeared either mean or insolent. — C.

was external ambition. But Zeno was not solicitous to please Antigonus; for no one skilful in any art is solicitous to please a person unskilful.

"I am solicitous to please you."

For what? Do you know the rules by which one man judges of another? Have you studied to understand what a good and what a bad man is, and how each becomes such? Why, then, are not you yourself a good man?

"In what respect am I not?"

Because no good man laments or sighs or groans; no good man turns pale and trembles and says, "How will such a one receive me; how will he hear me?" As he thinks fit, foolish man. Why do you trouble yourself about what belongs to others? Is it not his fault if he receives you ill?

"Yes, surely."

And can one person be in fault and another the sufferer?

"No."

Why, then, are you anxious about what belongs to others?

"Well; but I am anxious how I shall speak to him."

What, then; cannot you speak to him as you will?

"But I am afraid I shall be disconcerted."

If you were going to write down the name of Dion, should you be afraid of being disconcerted?

"By no means."

What is the reason? Is it because you have learned how to write?

"Yes."

And if you were going to read, would it not be exactly the same?

"Exactly."

What is the reason?

"Because every art gives a certain assurance and confidence on its own ground."

Have you not learned, then, how to speak? And what else did you study at school?

"Syllogisms and convertible propositions."

For what purpose? Was it not in order to talk properly? And what is that but to talk seasonably and discreetly and intelligently, and without flutter or hesitation, and, by means of all this, with courage?

"Very true."

When, therefore, you go into the field on horseback, are you anxious on being matched against one who is on foot, — you being practised and he unpractised?

"Ay, but the person has power to kill me."

Then speak the truth, O unfortunate! and be not arrogant, nor take the philosopher upon you, nor conceal from yourself who are your masters; but while you are thus to be held by the body, follow the strongest. Socrates, indeed, had studied how to speak, who talked in such a manner to tyrants and

judges, and in prison. Diogenes[1] had studied how to speak, who talked in such a manner to Alexander, to Philip, to the pirates, to the person who bought him. This belonged to those who had studied the matter; who had courage. But do you go where you belong and remain there. Retire into some corner, and there sit and weave syllogisms, and propose them to others. For there is not in you a man who can rule the city.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCERNING NASO.

WHEN a certain Roman came to him with his son, and had heard one lesson, — "This," said Epictetus, "is the method of teaching;" and ceased. When the other desired him to go on, he answered, Every art seems tedious, when it is delivered to a person ignorant and unskilful in it. The things performed by the common arts quickly manifest the use for which they were made; and most

[1] When Diogenes was sailing to Ægina, he was taken by pirates, and carried to Crete, and there exposed to sale. Being asked what he could do, he answered, "Govern men;" and pointing to a well-dressed Corinthian who was passing by, "Sell me," said he, "to him; for he wants a master." The Corinthian, whose name was Xeniades, bought him, and appointed him the tutor to his children; and Diogenes perfectly well discharged his trust. — C.

of them have something attractive and agreeable. Thus the trade of a shoemaker, as one seeks to learn it, is an unpleasant thing; but the shoe is useful, and not unpleasing to the eye. The trade of a smith is extremely unattractive to an ignorant observer; but the work shows the usefulness of the art. You will see this much more strongly in music; for if you stand by while a person is learning, it will appear to you of all sciences the most unpleasant; but the effects are agreeable and delightful, even to those who do not understand it.

So here we take it to be the work of one who studies philosophy, to bring his will into harmony with events; so that none of the things which happen may happen against our inclination, nor those which do not happen be desired by us. Hence they who have settled this point have it in their power never to be disappointed in what they seek, nor to incur what they shun; but to lead their own lives without sorrow, fear, or perturbation, and in society to preserve all the natural or acquired relations of son, father, brother, citizen, husband, wife, neighbor, fellow-traveller, ruler, or subject. Something like this is what we take to be the work of a philosopher. It remains to inquire, how it is to be effected. Now we see that a carpenter becomes a carpenter by learning certain things; and a pilot, by learning certain things, becomes a pilot. Probably, then, it is not sufficient, in the present case, merely to be willing to be wise and

good; but it is moreover necessary that certain things should be learned. What these things are, is the question. The philosophers say that we are first to learn that there is a God, and that his providence directs the whole; and that it is not merely impossible to conceal from him our actions, but even our thoughts and emotions. We are next to learn what the gods are; for such as they are found to be, such must he seek to be to the utmost of his power, who would please and obey them. If the Deity is faithful, he too must be faithful; if free, beneficent, and noble, he must be free, beneficent, and noble likewise, in all his words and actions behaving as an imitator of God.

"Whence, then, are we to begin?"

If you will give me leave, I will tell you. It is necessary, in the first place, that you should understand words.

"So then! I do not understand them now?"

No. You do not.

"How is it, then, that I use them?"

Just as the illiterate use the words of the learned, and as brutes use the phenomena of nature. For use is one thing, and understanding another. But if you think you understand them, bring whatever words you please, and let us see whether we understand them or not.

"Well; but it is a grievous thing for a man to be confuted who has grown old, and has perhaps served through his three campaigns to a senatorship."

I know it very well. For you now come to me, as if you wanted nothing. And how can it enter into your imagination that there should be anything in which you are deficient? You are rich; and perhaps have a wife and children, and a great number of domestics. Cæsar takes notice of you; you have many friends at Rome; you render to all their dues; you know how to requite a favor, and revenge an injury. In what are you deficient? Suppose, then, I should prove to you that you are deficient in what is most necessary and important to happiness; and that hitherto you have taken care of everything, rather than your duty; and to complete all, that you understand not what God or man, or good or evil, means? That you are ignorant of all the rest, perhaps, you may bear to be told; but if I prove to you that you are ignorant even of yourself, how will you bear with me, and how will you have patience to stay and be convinced? Not at all. You will immediately be offended, and go away. And yet what injury have I done you; unless a looking-glass injures a person not handsome, when it shows him to himself such as he is; or unless a physician can be thought to affront his patient, when he says to him: "Do you think, sir, that you are not ill? You have a fever. Eat no meat to-day, and drink water"? Nobody cries out here, "What an intolerable affront!" But if you say to any one: You exhibit feverishness in your desires, and low habits in what you shun;

your aims are contradictory, your pursuits not conformable to nature, your opinions rash and mistaken, he presently goes away, and complains that he is affronted.

This is the position we assume. As, in a crowded fair, the horses and cattle are brought to be sold, and most men come either to buy or sell; but there are a few who come only to look at the fair, and inquire how it is carried on, and why in that manner, and who appointed it, and for what purpose, — thus, in this fair [of the world] some, like cattle, trouble themselves about nothing but fodder. To all of you who busy yourselves about possessions and farms and domestics and public posts, these things are nothing else but mere fodder. But there are some few men among the crowd who are fond of looking on, and considering: "What then, after all, is the world? Who governs it? Has it no governor? How is it possible, when neither a city nor a house can remain, ever so short a time, without some one to govern and take care of it, that this vast and beautiful system should be administered in a fortuitous and disorderly manner? Is there then a governor? Of what sort is he, and how does he govern? And what are we who are under him, and for what designed? Have we some connection and relation to him, or none?" In this manner are the few affected, and apply themselves only to view the fair, and then depart. Well; and they are laughed at by the multitude? Why, so

are the lookers-on, by the buyers and sellers; and if the cattle had any apprehension, they too would laugh at such as admired anything but fodder.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCERNING THOSE WHO OBSTINATELY PERSIST IN WHATEVER THEY HAVE DETERMINED.

SOME, when they hear such discourses as these, "That we ought to be steadfast; that the will is by nature free and unconstrained; and that all else is liable to restraint, compulsion, slavery, and tyranny," imagine that they must remain immutably fixed to everything which they have determined. But it is first necessary that the determination should be a wise one. I agree that there should be sinews in the body, but such as in a healthy, an athletic body; for if you show me that you exhibit the [convulsed] sinews of a lunatic, and value yourself upon that, I will say to you, Seek a physician, man; this is not muscular vigor, but is really enervation. Such is the distemper of mind in those who hear these discourses in a wrong manner; like an acquaintance of mine, who, for no reason, had determined to starve himself to death. I went the third day, and inquired what was the matter. He answered, "I am determined." Well; but what is your motive? For if your de-

termination be right, we will stay, and assist your departure; but, if unreasonable, change it. "We ought to keep our determinations." What do you mean, sir? Not all of them; but such as are right. Else, if you should fancy that it is night, if this be your principle, do not change, but persist, and say, "We ought to keep to our determinations." What do you mean, sir? Not to all of them. Why do you not begin by first laying the foundation, inquiring whether your determination be a sound one or not, and then build your firmness and constancy upon it. For if you lay a rotten and crazy foundation, you must not build; since the greater and more weighty the superstructure, the sooner will it fall. Without any reason, you are withdrawing from us, out of life, a friend, a companion, a fellow-citizen both of the greater and the lesser city; and while you are committing murder, and destroying an innocent person, you say, "We must keep to our determinations." Suppose, by any means, it should ever come into your head to kill me; must you keep such a determination?

With difficulty this person was, however, at last convinced; but there are some at present whom there is no convincing. So that now I think I understand, what before I did not, the meaning of that common saying, that a fool will neither bend nor break. May it never fall to my lot to have a wise, that is, an untractable, fool for my friend. "It is all

to no purpose; I am determined." So are madmen too; but the more strongly they are determined upon absurdities, the more need have they of hellebore. Why will you not act like a sick person, and apply yourself to a physician? "Sir, I am sick. Give me your assistance; consider what I am to do. It is my part to follow your directions." So say in the present case: "I know not what I ought to do; and I am come to learn." "No; but talk to me about other things; for upon *this* I am determined." What other things? What is of greater consequence, than to convince you that it is not sufficient to be determined, and to persist? This is the vigor of a madman; not of one in health. "I will die, if you compel me to this." Why so, man; what is the matter? "I am determined." I have a lucky escape, that it is not your determination to kill me. "I will not be bribed [from my purpose]." Why so? "I am determined." Be assured, that with that very vigor which you now employ to refuse the bribe, you may hereafter have as unreasonable a propensity to take it; and again to say, "I am determined." As, in a distempered and rheumatic body, the humor tends sometimes to one part, sometimes to another; thus it is uncertain which way a sickly mind will incline. But if to its inclination and bent a spasmodic vigor be likewise added, the evil then becomes desperate and incurable.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT WE DO NOT STUDY TO MAKE USE OF THE ESTABLISHED PRINCIPLES CONCERNING GOOD AND EVIL.

WHERE lies good? In the will. Where evil? In the will. Where neither good nor evil? In things inevitable. What then? Does any one of us remember these lessons out of the schools? Does any one of us study how to answer for himself in the affairs of life, as in common questions? "Is it day?" "Yes." "Is it night, then?" "No." "Is the number of stars even?" "I cannot tell." When a bribe is offered you, have you learned to make the proper answer, that it is not a good? Have you exercised yourself in such answers as these, or only in sophistries? Why do you wonder, then, that you improve in points which you have studied; while in those which you have not studied, there you remain the same? When an orator knows that he has written well, that he has committed to memory what he has written, and that he brings an agreeable voice with him, why is he still anxious? Because he is not contented with what he has studied. What does he want then? To be applauded by the audience. He has studied the power of speaking, then; but he has not studied censure and applause. For when did he hear from any one what applause, what censure

is? What is the nature of each? What kind of applause is to be sought, and what kind of censure to be shunned? And when did he ever apply himself to study what follows from these lessons? Why do you wonder, then, if, in what he has learned, he excels others; but where he has not studied, he is the same with the rest of the world? Just as a musician knows how to play, sings well, and has the proper dress of his profession, yet trembles when he comes upon the stage. For the first he understands; but what the multitude is, or what mean the clamor and laughter of the multitude, he does not understand. Nor does he even know what anxiety itself is; whether it be our own affair, or that of others; or whether it be possible to suppress it, or not. Hence, if he is applauded, he is puffed up when he makes his exit; but if he is laughed at, the inflation is punctured, and subsides.

Thus are we too affected. What do we admire? Externals. For what do we strive? Externals. And are we then in any doubt why we fear and are anxious? What is the consequence, then, when we esteem the things that are brought upon us to be evils? We cannot but fear; we cannot but be anxious. And then we say, "O Lord God, how shall I avoid anxiety!" Have you not hands, foolish man? Has not God made them for you? You might as well kneel and pray to be cured of your catarrh. Take care of your disease, rather; and do not murmur. Well; and has he given you nothing in

the present case? Has he not given you patience? Has he not given you magnanimity? Has he not given you fortitude? When you have such hands as these, do you still seek for aid from another? But we neither study nor regard these things. For give me but one who cares how he does anything, who does not regard the mere success of anything, but his own manner of acting. Who, when he is walking, regards his own action? Who, when he is deliberating, prizes the deliberation itself, and not the success that is to follow it? If it happens to succeed, he is elated, and cries, "How prudently have we deliberated! Did not I tell you, my dear friend, that it was impossible, when we considered about anything, that it should not happen right?" But if it miscarries, the poor wretch is dejected, and knows not what to say about the matter. Who among us ever, for such a purpose, consulted a diviner? Who of us ever slept in a temple, to be instructed [in a dream] concerning his manner of acting? I say, who? Show me one who is truly noble and ingenuous, that I may see what I have long sought. Show me either a young or an old man.

Why, then, are we still surprised, if, when we waste all our attention on the mere materials of action, we are, in the manner of action itself, low, sordid, unworthy, timid, wretched, and altogether failures? For we do not care about these things, nor make them our study. If we had feared, not death or exile, but

fear itself, we should have studied not to fall into what appears to us to be evil. But as the case now stands, we are eager and loquacious in the schools; and when any little question arises about any of these things, we are prepared to trace its consequences; but drag us into practice, and you will find us miserably shipwrecked. Let something of alarming aspect attack us, and you will perceive what we have been studying, and in what we are exercised. Besides, through this negligence we always exaggerate, and represent things greater than the reality. In a voyage, for instance, casting my eyes down upon the ocean below, and looking round me, and seeing no land, I am beside myself, and imagine that, if I should be shipwrecked, I must swallow all that ocean; nor does it occur to me, that three pints are enough for me. What is it, then, that alarms me, — the ocean? No; but my own impressions. Again, in an earthquake I imagine the city is going to fall upon me; but is not one little stone enough to knock my brains out? What is it, then, that oppresses and makes us beside ourselves? Why, what else but our own impressions? For what is it, but mere impressions, that distress him who leaves his country, and is separated from his acquaintance and friends and place and usual manner of life? When children cry, if their nurse happens to be absent for a little while, give them a cake, and they forget their grief. Shall we compare you to these children, then?

"No, indeed. For I do not desire to be pacified by a cake, but by right impressions. And what are they?"

Such as a man ought to study all day long, so as not to be absorbed in what does not belong to him, — neither friend, place, nor academy, nor even his own body; but to remember the law, and to have that constantly before his eyes. And what is the divine law? To preserve inviolate what is properly our own; not to claim what belongs to others; to use what is given us, and not desire what is not given us; and when anything is taken away, to restore it readily, and to be thankful for the time you have been permitted the use of it; and not cry after it, like a child for its nurse and its mamma. For what does it signify what gets the better of you, or on what you depend? Which is the worthier, one crying for a doll, or for an academy? You lament for the portico and the assembly of young people, and such entertainments. Another comes lamenting that he must no longer drink the water of Dircè.[1] Why, is not the Marcian water as good? "But I was used to that." And in time you will be used to the other. And when you are attached to this too, you may weep again, and set yourself, in imitation of Euripides, to celebrate, in verse —

"The baths of Nero, and the Marcian water."

[1] A beautiful clear river in Bœotia, flowing into the Ismenus. The Marcian water was conveyed by Ancus Marcius to Rome. — C.

Hence see the origin of Tragedy, when trifling accidents befall foolish men. "Ah, when shall I see Athens and the citadel again?" Foolish man, are not you contented with what you see every day? Can you see anything better than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole earth, the sea? But if, besides, you comprehend him who administers the whole, and carry him about within yourself, do you still long after certain stones and a fine rock? What will you do then, when you are to leave even the sun and moon? Will you sit crying, like an infant? What, then, have you been doing in the school? What did you hear? What did you learn? Why have you written yourself down a philosopher, instead of writing the real fact? "I have prepared some abstracts, and read over Chrysippus; but I have not so much as approached the door of philosophy. For what pretensions have I in common with Socrates, who died and who lived in such a manner; or with Diogenes?" Do you observe either of these crying, or out of humor, that he is not to see such a man, or such a woman; nor to live any longer at Athens nor at Corinth; but at Susa, for instance, or Ecbatana? For does he stay and repine, who may at any time, if he will, quit the entertainment, and play no longer? Why does he not stay, as children do, so long as he is amused? Such a one, no doubt, will bear perpetual banishment and a sentence of death wonderfully well! Why will not you be weaned, as children are; and take more solid food?

Will you never cease to cry after your mammas and nurses, whom the old women about you have taught you to bewail? "But if I go away, I shall trouble them also." You trouble them! No; it will not be you; but that which troubles you too, — a mere impression. What have you to do then? Rid yourself of that impression; and if they are wise, they will do the same for theirs; or if not, they must lament for themselves.

Boldly make a desperate push, man, as the saying is, for prosperity, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up your head at last, as being free from slavery. Dare to look up to God, and say, "Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt. Is it Thy will that I should be in a public or a private condition; dwell here, or be banished; be poor, or rich? Under all these circumstances I will testify unto Thee before men. I will explain the nature of every dispensation." No? Rather sit alone, then, in safety, and wait till your mamma comes to feed you. If Hercules had sat loitering at home, what would he have been? Eurystheus, and not Hercules. Besides, by travelling through the world, how many acquaintances and how many friends he made. But none more his friend than God; for which reason he was believed to be the son of God, and was so. In obedience to him,

he went about extirpating injustice and lawless force. But you are not Hercules, nor able to extirpate the evils of others; nor even Theseus, to extirpate the evils of Attica. Extirpate your own then. Expel, instead of Procrustes and Sciron,[1] grief, fear, desire, envy, malevolence, avarice, effeminacy, intemperance. But these can be no otherwise expelled than by looking up to God alone, as your pattern; by attaching yourself to him alone, and being consecrated to his commands. If you wish for anything else, you will, with sighs and groans, follow what is stronger than you; always seeking prosperity without, and never able to find it. For you seek it where it is not, and neglect to seek it where it is.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW TO APPLY GENERAL PRINCIPLES TO PARTICULAR CASES.

WHAT is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks that he already knows. We all go to the philosophers, talking at random upon negative and positive duties; good and evil; fair and base. We praise,

[1] Two famous robbers who infested Attica, and were at last killed by Theseus. — C.

censure, accuse; we judge and dispute about fair and base enterprises. And yet for what do we go to the philosophers? To learn what we suppose ourselves not to know. And what is this? Propositions. We are desirous to hear what the philosophers say, for its elegance and acuteness; and some with a view only to gain. Now it is ridiculous to suppose that a person will learn anything but what he desires to learn; or make an improvement, in what he does not learn. But most are deceived, in the same manner as Theopompus, the orator, when he blames Plato for defining everything. "For," he says, "did none of us, before you, use the words 'good' and 'just;' or did we utter them as empty sounds, without understanding what each of them meant?" Why, who tells you, Theopompus, that we had not natural ideas and general principles as to each of these? But it is not possible to apply principles in detail, without having minutely distinguished them, and examined what details appertain to each. You may make the same objection to the physicians. For who of us did not use the words 'wholesome' and 'unwholesome,' before Hippocrates was born; or did we utter them as empty sounds? For we have some general conception of what is wholesome too, but we cannot apply it. Hence one says, let the patient abstain from meat; another, give it to him. One says, let him be bled; another, cup him. And what is the reason, but not being able to adapt the general conception of whole-

someness to particular cases? Thus, too, in life; who of us does not talk of good or evil, advantageous and disadvantageous; for who of us has not a general conception of each of these? But is it then a distinct and perfect one? Show me this.

"How shall I show it?"

Apply it properly in detail. Plato, to go no further, puts definitions under the general head of useful; but you, under that of useless. Can both of you be right? How is it possible? Again, does not one man adapt the general conception of good to riches; another not to riches, but to pleasure or health? In general, unless we who use words employ them vaguely, or without proper care in discrimination, why do we differ? Why do we wrangle? Why do we censure each other? But what occasion have I to mention this mutual contradiction? If you yourself apply your principles properly, how comes it to pass that you do not prosper? Why do you meet with any hindrance? Let us for the present omit our second point concerning the *pursuits* and the duties relative to them; let us omit the third too, concerning *assent*. I waive all these for you. Let us insist only on the first,[1] which affords almost a sensible proof that you do not properly apply your principles. You desire what is possible in itself, and possible for you. Why then are you hindered? Why are you not in a prosperous way? You do not shrink

[1] The topic of the *Desires* and *Aversions*. — C.

from the inevitable. Why then do you incur anything undesirable? Why are you unfortunate? When you desire anything, why does it not happen? When you do not desire it, why happens it? For this is the greatest proof of ill success and misery: "I desire something and it does not happen; and what is more wretched than I?" From such impatience Medea came to murder her own children, — a lofty action in this point of view alone, that she had a proper impression of what it was to fail of one's aim. "Thus I shall punish him who has injured and dishonored me; and what is so wicked a wretch good for? But how is this to be effected? I will murder the children; but that will be punishing myself. And what care I?" This is the error of a powerful soul. For she knew not where the fulfilment of our desires is to be found; that it is not to be had from without, nor by altering the appointment of things. Do not demand the man for your husband, and then nothing which you desire will fail to happen. Do not desire to keep him to yourself. Do not desire to stay at Corinth, and, in a word, have no will but the will of God, and who shall restrain you; who shall compel you, any more than Zeus? When you have such a guide, and conform your will and inclinations to his, why need you fear being disappointed? Fix your desire and aversion on riches or poverty; the one will be disappointed, the other incurred. Fix them on health, power, honors, your country, friends, children, — in

short, on anything beyond the control of your will, — you will be unfortunate. But fix them on Zeus, on the gods; give yourself up to these; let these govern; let your powers be ranged on the same side with these, and how can you be any longer unprosperous? But if, poor wretch, you envy, and pity, and are jealous, and tremble, and never cease a single day from complaining of yourself and the gods, why do you boast of your education? What education, man, — that you have learned syllogisms? Why do not you, if possible, unlearn all these, and begin again, convinced that hitherto you have not even touched upon the essential point? And for the future, beginning from this foundation, proceed in order to the superstructure; that nothing may happen which you do not wish, and that everything may happen which you desire. Give me but one young man who brings this intention with him to the school, who is a champion for this point, and says, "I yield up all the rest; it suffices me, if once I become able to pass my life free from hindrance and grief, to stretch out my neck to all events as freely, and to look up to Heaven as the friend of God, fearing nothing that can happen." Let any one of you show himself of such a disposition, that I may say, "Come into the place, young man, that is of right your own; for you are destined to be an ornament to philosophy. Yours are these possessions; yours these books; yours these discourses." Then, when he has

thoroughly mastered this first class, let him come to me again and say, "I desire indeed to be free from passion and perturbation; but I desire too, as a pious, a philosophic, and a diligent man, to know what is my duty to God, to my parents, to my relations, to my country, and to strangers." Come into the second class too; for this likewise is yours. "But I have now sufficiently studied the second class too; and I would willingly be secure and unshaken by error and delusion, not only when awake, but even when asleep; when warmed with wine; when diseased with the spleen." You are becoming as a god, man; your aims are sublime!

"Nay; but I, for my part, desire to understand what Chrysippus says, in his logical treatise of the Pseudomenos."[1] Go hang yourself, pitiful man, with only such an aim as this! What good will it do you? You will read the whole, lamenting all the while; and say to others, trembling, "Do as I do. Shall I read to you, my friend, and you to me? You write amazingly well; and you very finely imitate the style of Plato; and you, of Xenophon; and you, of Antisthenes." And thus, having related your dreams to each other, you return again to the same state. Your desires and aversions, your pursuits,

[1] The "Pseudomenos" was a famous problem among the Stoics, and it is this. When a person says, *I lie*, does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks truth; if he speaks truth, he lies. Chrysippus wrote six books upon it. — C.

your intentions, your resolutions, your wishes, and endeavors are just what they were. You do not so much as seek for one to advise you, but are offended when you hear such things as these, and cry, "An ill-natured old man! He never wept over me, when I was setting out, nor said, To what a danger are you going to be exposed? If you come off safe, child, I will illuminate my house. This would have been the part of a man of feeling." Truly it will be a mighty happiness if you do come off safe; it will be worth while to make an illumination. For you ought to be immortal and exempt from sickness, to be sure.

Throwing away, then, I say, this self-conceit, by which we fancy we have gained some knowledge of what is useful, we should come to philosophic reasoning as we do to mathematics and music; otherwise we shall be far from making any improvement, even if we have read over all the compends and commentaries, not only of Chrysippus, but of Antipater, and Archedemus too.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE SEMBLANCES OF THINGS.

EVERY habit and faculty is preserved and increased by correspondent actions; as the habit of walking, by walking; of running, by running. If

you would be a reader, read; if a writer, write. But if you do not read for a month together, but do something else, you will see what will be the consequence. So after sitting still for ten days, get up and attempt to take a long walk, and you will find how your legs are weakened. Upon the whole, then, whatever you would make habitual, practise it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it, but habituate yourself to something else.

It is the same with regard to the operations of the soul. Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit, and added fuel to a fire. When you are overcome by the seductions of a woman, do not consider it as a single defeat alone, but that you have fed, that you have increased, your dissoluteness. For it is impossible but that habits and faculties must either be first produced, or strengthened and increased, by corresponding actions. Hence the philosophers derive the growth of all maladies. When you once desire money, for example, if reason be applied to produce a sense of the evil, the desire ceases, and the governing faculty of the mind regains its authority; whereas, if you apply no remedy, it returns no more to its former state, but being again similarly excited, it kindles at the desire more quickly than before; and by frequent repetitions at last becomes callous, and by this malady is the love of money fixed. For he who has had a fever, even after it has left him, is not

in the same state of health as before, unless he was perfectly cured; and the same thing happens in distempers of the soul likewise. There are certain traces and blisters left in it, which, unless they are well effaced, whenever a new hurt is received in the same part, instead of blisters will become sores.

If you would not be of an angry temper, then, do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase. Be quiet at first and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. For habit is first weakened and then entirely destroyed. "I was not vexed to-day, nor the next day, nor for three or four months after; but restrained myself under provocation." Be assured that you are in an excellent way. "To-day, when I saw a handsome person, I did not say to myself, Oh, that I could possess her! and how happy is her husband" (for he who says this, says too, how happy is her gallant), "nor did I go on to fancy her in my arms." On this I stroke my head and say, Well done, Epictetus; thou hast solved a hard problem, harder than the chief syllogism. But if the lady herself should happen to be willing and give me intimations of it, and send for me and press my hand and place herself next to me, and I should then forbear and get the victory, — that would be a triumph beyond all the forms of logic.

This is the proper subject for exultation, and not one's power in handling the syllogism.

How then is this to be effected? Be willing to approve yourself to yourself. Be willing to appear beautiful in the sight of God; be desirous to converse in purity with your own pure mind, and with God; and then, if any such semblance bewilders you, Plato directs you: "Have recourse to expiations; go a suppliant to the temples of the averting deities." It is sufficient, however, if you propose to yourself the example of wise and good men, whether alive or dead, and compare your conduct with theirs. Go to Socrates, and see him placed beside his beloved, yet not seduced by youth and beauty. Consider what a victory he was conscious of obtaining; what an Olympic triumph! How near does he rank to Hercules![1] So that, by Heaven! one might justly salute him, Hail! wondrous victor![2] instead of those sorry boxers and wrestlers, and the gladiators who resemble them.

By placing such an example before you, you will conquer any alluring semblance, and not be drawn away by it. But in the first place, be not hurried away by excitement; but say, Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are, and what you represent. Let me try you. Then, afterwards, do

[1] Hercules is said to have been the author of the gymnastic games, and the first victor. Those who afterwards conquered in wrestling, and the pancratium, were numbered from him. — C.

[2] This pompous title was given to those who had been victors in all the Olympic games. — C.

not suffer it to go on drawing gay pictures of what will follow; if you do, it will lead you wherever it pleases. But rather oppose to it some good and noble semblance, and banish this base one. If you are habituated to this kind of exercise, you will see what shoulders, what nerves, what sinews, you will have. But now it is mere trifling talk, and nothing more. He is the true athlete who trains himself to deal with such semblances as these. Stay, wretch, do not be hurried away. The combat is great, the achievement divine, — for empire, for freedom, for prosperity, for tranquillity. Remember God. Invoke him for your aid and protector, as sailors do Castor and Pollux, in a storm. For what storm is greater than that which arises from these perilous semblances, contending to overset our reason? Indeed what is the storm itself, but a semblance? For do but take away the fear of death, and let there be as many thunders and lightnings as you please, you will find that to the reason all is serenity and calm; but if you are once defeated, and say, you will get the victory another time, and then the same thing over again; assure yourself that you will at last be reduced to so weak and wretched a condition, you will not so much as know when you do amiss; but you will even begin to make defences for your behavior, and thus verify the saying of Hesiod: —

"With constant ills, the dilatory strive."[1]

[1] Works and Days, v. 383. — H.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCERNING THOSE WHO EMBRACE PHILOSOPHY ONLY IN WORDS.

THE science of "the ruling argument"[1] appears to have its rise from hence. Of the following propositions, any two imply a contradiction to the third. They are these: "That everything past is necessarily true;" "that an impossibility is not the consequence of a possibility;" and, "that something is a possibility, which neither is nor will be true." Diodorus, perceiving this contradiction, combined the first two, to prove that nothing is possible, which neither is nor will be true. Some again hold the second and third,—"that something is possible, which neither is nor will be true;" and "that an impossibility is not the consequence of a possibility;" and consequently assert, "that not everything past is necessarily true." This way Cleanthes and his followers took; whom Antipater copiously defends. Others, lastly, maintain the first and third,—"that something is possible, which neither is nor will be true;" and "that everything past is necessarily true;" but then, "that an impossibility may be the consequence of a possibility." But all these three

[1] A logical subtlety.—H.

propositions cannot be at once maintained, because of their mutual contradiction.

If any one should ask me, then, which of them I maintain, I answer him, that really I cannot tell. But I have heard it related that Diodorus held one opinion about them; the followers of Panthædes, I think, and Cleanthes, another; and Chrysippus a third.

"What then is your opinion?"

I express none. I was born to examine things as they appear to my own mind; to compare what is said by others, and thence to form some conviction of my own on any topic. Of these things I have merely technical knowledge. Who was the father of Hector? Priam. Who were his brothers? Paris and Deiphobus. Who was his mother? Hecuba. This I have heard related. From whom? Homer. But I believe Hellanicus, and other authors, have written on the same subject. And what better account have I of "the ruling argument"? But, if I were vain enough, I might, especially at some entertainment, astonish all the company by an enumeration of authors relating to it. Chrysippus has written wonderfully, in his first Book of Possibilities. Cleanthes and Archedemus have each written separately on this subject. Antipater too has written, not only in his Treatise of Possibilities, but especially in a discourse on "the ruling argument." Have you not read the work? "No." Read it then. And what

good will it do him? He will be more trifling and impertinent than he is already. For what else have you gained by reading it? What conviction have you formed upon this subject? But you tell us of Helen, and Priam, and the isle of Calypso, something which never was, nor ever will be. And in these matters, indeed, it is of no great consequence if you retain the story, without forming any principle of your own. But we commit this error much more in dealing with moral questions, than upon such subjects as these.

"Talk to me concerning good and evil."

Hear: —

"Winds blew from Ilium to Ciconian shores." [1]

Some things are good, some evil, and some indifferent. Now the good are the virtues, and whatever partakes of them; and the evil are vices, and what partakes of vice; the indifferent lie between these, as riches, health, life, death, pleasure, pain.

"Whence do you know this?"

[Suppose I say] Hellanicus says it, in his Egyptian History. For what does it signify, whether one quotes the history of Hellanicus, or the ethics of Diogenes, or Chrysippus, or Cleanthes? Have you then examined any of these things, and formed convictions of your own? How, for instance, would you

[1] Homer, Odyssey, ix. 39. The expression became proverbial, signifying "from bad to worse." — H.

conduct yourself on shipboard? Remember these distinctions, when the mast rattles, and some idle fellow stands by you while you are screaming, and says: "For heaven's sake! talk as you did a little while ago. Is it vice to suffer shipwreck; or does it partake of vice?" Would you not take up a log, and throw it at his head? "What have we to do with you, sir? We are perishing, and you come and jest." Again, if Cæsar should summon you to answer an accusation, remember these distinctions. If, when you are going in, pale and trembling, any one should meet you and say, "Why do you tremble, sir? What is this affair you are engaged in? Does Cæsar, within there, give virtue and vice to those who approach him?" "What, do *you* too insult me, and add to my evils?" "Nay, but tell me, philosopher, why you tremble. Is there any other danger, but death, or a prison, or bodily pain, or exile, or slander?" "Why, what else should there be?" "Are any of these vice; or do they partake of vice? What, then, did you yourself use to say of these things?" "What have you to do with me, sir? My own evils are enough for me." You say rightly. Your own evils are indeed enough for you; your baseness, your cowardice, and that arrogance by which you were elated, as you sat in the schools. Why did you assume plumage not your own? Why did you call yourself a Stoic?

Observe yourselves thus in your actions, and you

will find of what sect you are. You will find that most of you are Epicureans; a few are Peripatetics, and those but loose ones. For by what action will you prove that you think virtue equal, and even superior, to all other things? Show me a Stoic, if you have one. Where? Or how should you? You can show, indeed, a thousand who repeat the Stoic reasonings. But do they repeat the Epicurean less well? Are they not just as perfect in the Peripatetic? Who then is a Stoic? As we call that a Phidian statue which is formed according to the art of Phidias, so show me some one person formed according to the principles which he professes. Show me one who is sick, and happy; in danger, and happy; dying, and happy; exiled, and happy; disgraced, and happy. Show him to me; for, by Heaven! I long to see a Stoic. But you have not one fully developed? Show me then one who is developing; one who is approaching towards this character. Do me this favor. Do not refuse an old man a sight which he has never yet seen. Do you suppose that you are to show the Zeus or Athena of Phidias, a work of ivory or gold? Let any of you show me a human soul desiring to be in unity with God; not to accuse either God or man; not to be disappointed of its desire, nor incur its aversion; not to be angry; not to be envious; not to be jealous; in a word, desiring from a man to become a god; and, in this poor mortal body, aiming to have fellowship with Zeus. Show him to me. But you cannot.

Why then do you impose upon yourselves, and play tricks with others? Why do you put on a dress not your own, and walk about in it, mere thieves and pilferers of names and things which do not belong to you? I am now your preceptor, and you come to be instructed by me. And indeed my aim is to secure you from being restrained, compelled, hindered; to make you free, prosperous, happy; looking to God upon every occasion, great or small. And you come to learn and study these things. Why then do you not finish your work, if you have the proper aims, and I, besides the aim, the proper qualifications? What is wanting? When I see an artificer, and the materials lying ready, I await the work. Now here is the artificer; here are the materials; what is it we want? Is not the thing capable of being taught? It is. Is it not in our own power, then? The only thing of all others that is so. Neither riches nor health nor fame nor, in short, anything else is in our power except a right use of the semblances of things. This alone is, by nature, not subject to restraint, not subject to hindrance. Why then do not you finish it? Tell me the cause. It must be my fault, or yours, or from the nature of the thing. The thing itself is practicable, and the only thing in our power. The fault then must be either in me or in you, or, more truly, in both. Well, then, shall we at length begin to carry such an aim with us? Let us lay aside all that is past. Let us begin. Only believe me, and you shall see.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCERNING THE EPICUREANS AND ACADEMICS.

THINGS true and evident must, of necessity, be recognized even by those who would contradict them. And perhaps one of the strongest proofs that there is such a thing as evidence is the necessity which compels even those who contradict it to make use of it. If a person, for instance, should deny that anything is universally true, he will be obliged to assert the contrary, that nothing is universally true. Foolish man, not so. For what is this but an universal statement?[1] Again, suppose any one should come and say, "Know that there is nothing to be known; but all things are uncertain;" or another, "Believe me, for your good, that no man ought to be believed in anything;" or a third, "Learn from me that nothing is to be learned; I tell you this, and will teach the proof of it, if you please." Now what difference is there between such as these, and those who call themselves Academics, — who say to us, "Be convinced that no one ever is convinced; believe us, that nobody believes anybody"?

Thus also, when Epicurus would destroy the natural tie between mankind, he makes use of the very

[1] Translation conjectural. — H.

thing he is destroying. For what says he? "Be not deceived; be not seduced and mistaken. There is no natural tie between reasonable beings. Believe me. Those who say otherwise mislead and impose upon you." Why are you concerned for us then? Let us be deceived. You will fare never the worse, if all the rest of us are persuaded that there is a natural tie between mankind, and that it is by all means to be preserved. Nay, it will be much safer and better. Why do you give yourself any trouble about us, sir? Why do you break your rest for us? Why do you light your lamp? Why do you rise early? Why do you compose so many volumes? Is it that none of us should be deceived concerning the gods, as if they took any care of men; or that we may not suppose the essence of good consists in anything but in pleasure? For if these things be so, lie down and sleep, and lead the life of which you judge yourself worthy, — that of a mere worm. Eat, drink, debauch, snore. What is it to you, whether others think rightly or wrongly about these things? For what have you to do with us? You take care of sheep, because they afford their milk, their wool, and at last their flesh. And would it not be a desirable thing that men might be so lulled and enchanted by the Stoics as to give themselves up to be milked and fleeced by you, and such as you? Should not these doctrines be taught to your brother Epicureans only, and concealed from the rest of the world; who

should by all means, above all things, be persuaded that we have a natural tie with each other, and that self-command is a good thing, in order that all may be kept safe for *you?* Or is this tie to be preserved towards some and not towards others? Towards whom, then, is it to be preserved, — towards such as mutually preserve, or such as violate it? And who violate it more than you, who teach such doctrines?

What was it, then, that waked Epicurus from his sleep, and compelled him to write what he did; what else, but that which is of all influences the most powerful among mankind, Nature; which draws every one, however unwilling and reluctant, to its own purposes. For since, she says, you think that there is no tie between mankind, write out this doctrine, and leave it for the use of others; and break your sleep upon that account; and by your own practice confute your own principles. Do we say that Orestes was roused from sleep because driven by the furies; and was not Epicurus waked by sterner furies and avengers, which would not suffer him to rest, but compelled him to utter his own ills, as wine and madness do the priests of Cybele? So strong and unconquerable a thing is human nature! For how can a vine have the properties not of a vine, but of an olive-tree; or an olive-tree not those of an olive-tree, but of a vine? It is impossible. It is inconceivable. Neither, therefore, is it possible for a human creature entirely to lose human affections. But even those who

have undergone a mutilation cannot have their inclinations also mutilated; and so Epicurus, when he had mutilated all the offices of a man, of a master of a family, of a citizen, and of a friend, did not mutilate the inclinations of humanity; for this he could not do, any more than the idle Academics can throw away or blind their own senses, though this be the point they chiefly labor. What a misfortune is it, when any one, after having received from Nature standards and rules for the knowledge of truth, does not strive to add to these, and make up their deficiencies; but, on the contrary, endeavors to take away and destroy whatever truth may be known even by them.

What say you, philosopher? What do you think of piety and sanctity? "If you please, I will prove that they are good." Pray do prove it; that our citizens may be converted, and honor the Deity, and may no longer neglect what is of the highest importance. "Do you accept these demonstrations, then?" I have, and I thank you. "Since you are so well pleased with this, then, learn these contrary propositions: that there are no gods, or, if there are, that they take no care of mankind, neither have we any concern with them; that this piety and sanctity, so much talked of by many, are only an imposition of boasting and sophistical men, or perhaps of legislators, for a terror and restraint to injustice." Well done, philosopher. Our citizens are much the better for you. You have already brought back all the

youth to a contempt of the Deity. "What! does not this please you, then? Learn next, that justice is nothing; that shame is folly; that the paternal relation is nothing; the filial, nothing." Well said, philosopher; persist, convince the youth; that we may have many more to think and talk like you. By such doctrines as these, no doubt, have our well-governed states flourished! Upon these was Sparta founded! Lycurgus, by his laws and method of education, introduced such persuasions as these: that it is not base to be slaves, rather than honorable; nor honorable to be free, rather than base! They who died at Thermopylæ, died from such principles as these! And from what other doctrines did the Athenians leave their city? [1]

And yet they who talk thus marry, and produce children, and engage in public affairs, and get themselves made priests and prophets. Of whom? Of gods that have no existence. And they consult the Pythian priestess, only to hear falsehoods, and interpret the oracles to others. Oh, monstrous impudence and imposture!

What are you doing, man? [2] You contradict your-

[1] When the Athenians found themselves unable to resist the forces of the Persians, they left their city; and having removed their wives and children, and their movable effects, to Trœzen and Salamis, went on board their ships, and defended the liberty of Greece by their fleet. — C.

[2] What follows is against the Academics, who denied the evidence of the senses. — C.

self every day; and you will not give up these paltry cavils. When you eat, where do you put your hand, — to your mouth, or to your eye? When you bathe, where do you go? Do you ever call a kettle a dish, or a spoon a spit? If I were a servant to one of these gentlemen, were it at the hazard of being flayed every day, I would plague him. "Throw some oil into the bath, boy." I would take pickle, and pour upon his head. "What is this?" Really, sir, I was impressed by a certain semblance so like oil as not to be distinguished from it. "Give me the soup." I would carry him a dish full of vinegar. "Did I not ask for the soup?" Yes, sir; this is the soup. "Is not this vinegar?" Why so, more than soup? "Take it and smell it, take it and taste it." How do you know, then, but our senses deceive us? If I had three or four fellow-servants to join with me, I would make him either choke with passion and burst, or change his opinions. But now they insult us by making use of the gifts of nature, while in words they destroy them. Those must be grateful and modest men, at least, who, while eating their daily bread, dare to say, "We do not know whether there be any such beings as Demeter, or Core, or Pluto." Not to mention that while they possess the blessings of night and day, of the annual seasons, of the stars, the earth, and the sea, they are not the least affected by any of these things; but only study to give out some idle problem, and when they have thus relieved

themselves, go and bathe; but take not the least care what they say, nor on what subjects, nor to whom, nor what may be the consequence of their talk, — whether any well-disposed young man, on hearing such doctrines, may not be affected by them, and so affected as entirely to lose the seeds of his good disposition; whether they may not furnish an adulterer with occasions of growing shameless in his guilt; whether a public plunderer may not find excuses from these doctrines; whether he, who neglects his parents, may not gain an additional confidence from them.

"What things, then, in your opinion, are good and evil, fair and base,— such things, or such things?" But why should one argue any more with such as these, or interchange opinions, or endeavor to convince them? By Zeus! one might sooner hope to convince the most unnatural debauchees, than those who are thus deaf and blind to their own ills.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF INCONSISTENCY.

THERE are some things which men confess with ease, and others with difficulty. No one, for instance, will confess himself a fool or a blockhead; but, on the contrary, you will hear every one say, "I

wish my fortune were in proportion to my abilities." But they easily confess themselves fearful, and say, "I am somewhat timorous, I confess; but in other respects you will not find me a fool." No one will easily confess himself intemperate in his desires, upon no account dishonest, nor indeed very envious or meddling; but many confess themselves to have the weakness of being compassionate. What is the reason of all this? The principal reason is an inconsistency and confusion in what relates to good and evil. But different people have different motives, and in general, whatever they imagine to be base, they do not absolutely confess. Fear and compassion they imagine to belong to a well-meaning disposition; but stupidity, to a slave. Offences against society they do not own; but in most faults they are brought to a confession chiefly from imagining that there is something involuntary in them, as in fear and compassion. And though a person should in some measure confess himself intemperate in his desires, he accuses his passion, and expects forgiveness, as for an involuntary fault. But dishonesty is not imagined to be, by any means, involuntary. In jealousy too there is something they suppose involuntary and this likewise, in some degree, they confess.

Conversing therefore with such men, thus confused, thus ignorant what they say, and what are or are not their ills, whence they have them, and how they may be delivered from them, it is worth while,

I think, to ask one's self continually, "Am I too one of these? What do I imagine myself to be? How do I conduct myself, — as a prudent, as a temperate man? Do I, too, ever talk at this rate, — that I am sufficiently instructed for what may happen? Have I that persuasion that I know nothing which becomes one who knows nothing? Do I go to a master as to an oracle, prepared to obey; or do I also, like a mere driveller, enter the school only to learn and understand books which I did not understand before, or perhaps to explain them to others?"

You have been fighting at home with your manservant; you have turned the house upside-down, and alarmed the neighborhood; and do you come to me with a pompous show of wisdom, and sit and criticise how I explain a sentence, how I prate whatever comes into my head? Do you come, envious and dejected that nothing has come from home for you, and in the midst of the disputations sit thinking on nothing but how your father or your brother may treat you? "What are they saying about me at home? Now they think I am improving, and say, He will come back with universal knowledge. I wish I could learn everything before my return; but this requires much labor, and nobody sends me anything. The baths are very bad at Nicopolis; and things go very ill both at home and here."

After all this, it is said, nobody is the better for the philosophic school. Why, who comes to the school?

I mean, who comes to be reformed; who, to submit his principles to correction; who, with a sense of his wants? Why do you wonder, then, that you bring back from the school the very thing you carried there? For you do not come to lay aside, or correct, or change, your principles. How should you? Far from it. Rather consider this, therefore, whether you have not what you have come for. You have come to talk about theorems. Well; and are you not more impertinently talkative than you were? Do not these paltry theorems furnish you with matter for ostentation? Do you not solve convertible and hypothetical syllogisms? Why, then, are you still displeased, if you have the very thing for which you came?

"Very true; but if my child or my brother should die; or if I must die or be tortured myself, what good will these things do me?" Why, did you come for *this?* Did you attend upon me for *this?* Was it upon any such account that you ever lighted your lamp, or sat up at night? Or did you, when you went into the walk, propose any delusive semblance to your own mind to be discussed, instead of a syllogism? Did any of you ever go through such a subject jointly? And after all, you say, theorems are useless. To whom? To such as apply them ill. For medicines for the eyes are not useless to those who apply them when and as they ought. Fomentations are not useless, dumb-bells are not useless;

but they are useless to some, and on the contrary, useful to others. If you should ask me, now, are syllogisms useful? I should answer that they are useful; and, if you please, I will show you how. "Will they be of service to me, then?" Why, did you ask, man, whether they would be useful to *you*, or in general? If any one in a dysentery should ask me whether acids be useful, I should answer, they are. "Are they useful for *me*, then?" I say, no. First try to get the flux stopped, and the ulceration healed. Do you too first get your ulcers healed, your fluxes stopped. Quiet your mind, and bring it free from distraction to the school; and then you will know what force there is in reasoning.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO whatever objects a person devotes his attention, these objects he probably loves. Do men ever devote their attention, then, to [what they think] evils? By no means. Or even to things indifferent? No, nor this. It remains, then, that good must be the sole object of their attention; and if of their attention, of their love too. Whoever, therefore, understands good, is capable likewise of love; and he who cannot distinguish good from evil, and things

indifferent from both, how is it possible that he can love? The wise person alone, then, is capable of loving.

"How so? I am not this wise person, yet I love my child."

I protest it surprises me that you should, in the first place, confess yourself unwise. For in what are you deficient? Have not you the use of your senses? Do you not distinguish the semblances of things? Do you not provide such food and clothing and habitation as are suitable to you? Why then do you confess that you want wisdom? In truth, because you are often struck and disconcerted by semblances, and their speciousness gets the better of you; and hence you sometimes suppose the very same things to be good, then evil, and lastly, neither; and, in a word, you grieve, you fear, you envy, you are disconcerted, you change. Is it from this that you confess yourself unwise? And are you not changeable too in love? Riches, pleasure, in short, the very same things, you sometimes esteem good, and at other times evil. And do you not esteem the same persons too alternately as good and bad, at one time treating them with kindness, at another with enmity; at one time commending, and at another censuring them?

"Yes. This too is the case with me."

Well, then; can he who is deceived in another be his friend, think you?

"No, surely."

Or does he who loves him with a changeable affection bear him genuine good-will?

"Nor he, neither."

Or he who now vilifies, then admires him?

"Nor he."

Do you not often see little dogs caressing and playing with each other, so that you would say nothing could be more friendly? But to learn what this friendship is, throw a bit of meat between them, and you will see. Do you too throw a bit of an estate betwixt you and your son, and you will see that he will quickly wish you under ground, and you him; and then you, no doubt, on the other hand will exclaim, What a son have I brought up! He would bury me alive! Throw in a pretty girl, and the old fellow and the young one will both fall in love with her; or let fame or danger intervene, the words of the father of Admetus will be yours: —

"You love to see the light. Doth not your father?
You fain would still behold it. Would not he?"[1]

Do you suppose that he did not love his own child when it was little; that he was not in agonies when it had a fever, and often wished to undergo that fever in its stead? But, after all, when the trial comes

[1] Euripides, Alcestis, v. [691] 701. The second line, as quoted by Epictetus, is not found in the received editions. Pheres, the father of Admetus, is defending himself for not consenting to die in place of his son. — H.

home, you see what expressions he uses. Were not Eteocles and Polynices born of the same mother and of the same father? Were they not brought up, and did they not live and eat and sleep, together? Did not they kiss and fondle each other? So that any one, who saw them, would have laughed at all the paradoxes which philosophers utter about love. And yet when a kingdom, like a bit of meat, was thrown betwixt them, see what they say, —

Polynices. "Where wilt thou stand before the towers?"
Eteocles. "Why askest thou this of me?"
Pol. "I will oppose myself to thee, to slay thee."
Et. "Me too the desire of this seizes."[1]

Such are the prayers they offer. Be not therefore deceived. No living being is held by anything so strongly as by its own needs. Whatever therefore appears a hindrance to these, be it brother or father or child or mistress or friend, is hated, abhorred, execrated; for by nature it loves nothing like its own needs. This motive is father and brother and family and country and God. Whenever, therefore, the gods seem to hinder this, we vilify even them, and throw down their statues, and burn their temples; as Alexander ordered the temple of Æsculapius to be burnt, because he had lost the man he loved.

When, therefore, any one identifies his interest with those of sanctity, virtue, country, parents, and friends,

[1] Euripides, Phœnissæ, v. 630, 631.

all these are secured; but whenever he places his interest in anything else than friends, country, family, and justice, then these all give way, borne down by the weight of self-interest. For wherever *I* and *mine* are placed, thither must every living being gravitate. If in body, that will sway us; if in our own will, that; if in externals, these. If, therefore, I rest my personality in the will, then only shall I be a friend, a son, or a father, such as I ought. For in that case it will be for my interest to preserve the faithful, the modest, the patient, the abstinent, the beneficent character; to keep the relations of life inviolate. But if I place my personality in one thing, and virtue in another, the doctrine of Epicurus will stand its ground, that virtue is nothing, or mere opinion.

From this ignorance it was that the Athenians and Lacedemonians quarrelled with each other, and the Thebans with both; the Persian king with Greece, and the Macedonians with both; and now the Romans with the Getes. And in still remoter times the Trojan war arose from the same cause. Alexander [Paris] was the guest of Menelaus; and whoever had seen the mutual proofs of good-will that passed between them would never have believed that they were not friends. But a tempting bait, a pretty woman, was thrown in between them; and thence came war. At present, therefore, when you see that dear brothers have, in appearance, but one soul, do

not immediately pronounce upon their love; not though they should swear it, and affirm it was impossible to live asunder. For the governing faculty of a bad man is faithless, unsettled, undiscriminating, successively vanquished by different semblances. But inquire, not as others do, whether they were born of the same parents, and brought up together, and under the same preceptor; but this thing only, in what they place their interest, — in externals or in their own wills. If in externals, you can no more pronounce them friends, than you can call them faithful, or constant, or brave, or free; nay, nor even truly men, if you are wise. For it is no principle of humanity that makes them bite and vilify each other, and take possession of public assemblies, as wild beasts do of solitudes and mountains; and convert courts of justice into dens of robbers; that prompts them to be intemperate, adulterers, seducers; or leads them into other offences that men commit against each other, — all from that one single error, by which they risk themselves and their own concerns on things uncontrollable by will.

But if you hear that these men in reality suppose good to be placed only in the will, and in a right use of things as they appear, no longer take the trouble of inquiring if they are father and son, or old companions and acquaintances; but boldly pronounce that they are friends, and also that they are faithful and just. For where else can friendship be met, but

joined with fidelity and modesty, and the intercommunication of virtue alone?

"Well; but such a one paid me the utmost regard for so long a time, and did he not love me?"

How can you tell, foolish man, if that regard be any other than he pays to his shoes, or his horse, when he cleans them? And how do you know but that when you cease to be a necessary utensil, he may throw you away, like a broken stool?

"Well; but it is my wife, and we have lived together many years."

And how many did Eriphyle live with Amphiaraus, and was the mother of children not a few? But a bauble came between them. What was this bauble? A false conviction concerning certain things. This turned her into a savage animal; this cut asunder all love, and suffered neither the wife nor the mother to continue such.[1]

Whoever, therefore, among you studies either to be or to gain a friend, let him cut up all false convictions by the root, hate them, drive them utterly out of his soul. Thus, in the first place, he will be secure from inward reproaches and contests, from vacillation and self-torment. Then, with respect to others, to every like-minded person he will be without disguise; to such as are unlike he will be patient, mild, gentle, and ready to forgive them, as failing in points

[1] Amphiaraus married Eriphyle, the sister of Adrastus, king of Argos, and was betrayed by her for a golden chain. — C.

of the greatest importance; but severe to none, being fully convinced of Plato's doctrine, that the soul is never willingly deprived of truth. Without all this, you may, in many respects, live as friends do; and drink and lodge and travel together, and even be born of the same parents; and so may serpents too; but neither they nor you can ever be really friends, while your accustomed principles remain brutal and execrable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF ELOQUENCE.

A BOOK will always be read with more pleasure and ease, if it be written in fair characters; and so every one will the more easily attend to discourses likewise, if ornamented with proper and beautiful expressions. It ought not then to be said, that there is no such thing as the faculty of eloquence; for this would be at once the part of an impious and timid person, — impious, because he dishonors the gifts of God; just as if he should deny any use in the faculties of sight, hearing, and speech itself. Has God then given you eyes in vain? Is it in vain that he has infused into them such a strong and active spirit as to be able to represent the forms of distant objects? What messenger is so quick and diligent? Is it in vain that he has made the intermediate air

so yielding and elastic that sight penetrates through it? And is it in vain that he has made the light, without which all the rest would be useless? Man, be not ungrateful, nor, on the other hand, unmindful of your superior advantages; but for sight and hearing, and indeed for life itself, and the supports of it, as fruits and wine and oil, be thankful to God; but remember that he has given you another thing, superior to them all, which uses them, proves them, estimates the value of each. For what is it that pronounces upon the value of each of these faculties? Is it the faculty itself? Did you ever perceive the faculty of sight or hearing to say anything concerning itself; or wheat, or barley, or horses, or dogs? No. These things are appointed as instruments and servants, to obey that which is capable of using things as they appear. If you inquire the value of anything, of what do you inquire? What is the faculty that answers you? How then can any faculty be superior to this, which uses all the rest as instruments, and tries and pronounces concerning each of them? For which of them knows what itself is, and what is its own value? Which of them knows when it is to be used, and when not? Which is it that opens and shuts the eyes, and turns them away from improper objects? Is it the faculty of sight? No; but that of Will. Which is it that opens and shuts the ears? Which is it by which they are made curious and inquisitive, or, on the contrary, deaf, and

unaffected by what is said? Is it the faculty of hearing? No; but that of Will. This, then, recognizing itself to exist amidst other faculties, all blind and deaf, and unable to discern anything but those offices in which they are appointed to minister and serve, itself alone sees clearly, and distinguishes the value of each of the rest. Will this, I say, inform us that anything is supreme but itself? What can the eye, when it is opened, do more than see? But whether we ought to look upon the wife of any one, and in what manner, what is it that decides us? The faculty of Will. Whether we ought to believe, or disbelieve what is said; or whether, if we do believe, we ought to be moved by it, or not, what is it that decides us? Is it not the faculty of Will? Again, the very faculty of eloquence, and that which ornaments discourse, if any such peculiar faculty there be, what does it more than merely ornament and arrange expressions, as curlers do the hair? But whether it be better to speak or to be silent, or better to speak in this or in that manner, whether this be decent or indecent, and the season and use of each, what is it that decides for us, but the faculty of Will? What, then; would you have it appear, and bear testimony against itself? What means this? If the case be thus, then that which serves may be superior to that to which it is subservient; the horse to the rider, the dog to the hunter, the instrument to the musician, or servants to the king. What is

it that makes use of all the rest? The Will. What takes care of all? The Will. What destroys the whole man, at one time, by hunger; at another, by a rope or a precipice? The Will. Has man, then, anything stronger than this? And how is it possible that what is liable to restraint should be stronger than what is not? What has a natural power to restrain the faculty of sight? The Will and its workings. And it is the same with the faculties of hearing and of speech. And what has a natural power of restraining the Will? Nothing beyond itself, only its own perversion. Therefore in the Will alone is vice; in the Will alone is virtue.

Since, then, the Will is such a faculty, and placed in authority over all the rest, suppose it to come forth and say to us that the body is of all things the most excellent! If even the body itself pronounced itself to be the most excellent, it could not be borne. But now, what is it, Epicurus, that pronounces all this? What was it that composed volumes concerning "the End," "the Nature of things," "the Rule;" that assumed a philosophic beard; that as it was dying wrote that it was "then spending its last and happiest day"?[1] Was this the body, or was it the faculty of Will? And can you, then, without madness, admit

[1] These words are part of a letter written by Epicurus, when he was dying, to one of his friends. Diog. Laert. x. 22. — C.

The titles previously given are those of treatises by Epicurus. — H.

anything to be superior to this? Are you in reality so deaf and blind? What, then; does any one dishonor the other faculties? Heaven forbid! Does any one assert that there is no use or excellence in the faculty of sight? Heaven forbid! It would be stupid, impious, and ungrateful to God. But we render to each its due. There is some use in an ass, though not so much as in an ox; and in a dog, though not so much as in a servant; and in a servant, though not so much as in the citizens; and in the citizens, though not so much as in the magistrates. And though some are more excellent than others, those uses which the last afford are not to be despised. The faculty of eloquence has thus its value, though not equal to that of the Will. When therefore I talk thus, let not any one suppose that I would have you neglect eloquence, any more than your eyes, or ears, or hands, or feet, or clothes, or shoes. But if you ask me what is the most excellent of things, what shall I say? I cannot say eloquence, but a right Will; for it is this which makes use of that and of all the other faculties, whether great or small. If this be set right, a bad man becomes good; if it be wrong, a good man becomes wicked. By this we are unfortunate or fortunate; we disapprove or approve each other. In a word, it is this which, neglected, forms unhappiness; and, well cultivated, happiness.

But to take away the faculty of eloquence, and to

say that it is in reality nothing, is not only ungrateful to those who gave it, but cowardly too. For such a person seems to me to be afraid that, if there be any such faculty, we may on occasion be compelled to respect it. Such are they too, who deny any difference between beauty and deformity. Was it possible, then, to be affected in the same manner by seeing Thersites, as by Achilles; by Helen, as by any other woman? These also are the foolish and clownish notions of those who are ignorant of the nature of things, and afraid that whoever perceives such a difference must presently be carried away and overcome. But the great point is to leave to each thing its own proper faculty, and then to see what the value of that faculty is; to learn what is the principal thing, and upon every occasion to follow that, and to make it the chief object of our attention; to consider other things as trifling in comparison with this, and yet, so far as we are able, not to neglect even these. We ought, for instance, to take care of our eyes; yet not as of the principal thing, but only on account of that which is principal; because that can no otherwise preserve its own nature, than by making a due estimate of the rest, and preferring some to others. What is the usual practice, then? That of a traveller who, returning into his own country, and meeting on the way with a good inn, being pleased with the inn, should remain there. Have you forgotten your intention, man? You were not travelling to this place, but only

through it. "But this is a fine place." And how many other fine inns are there, and how many pleasant fields, yet they are simply as a means of passage. What is the real business? To return to your country; to relieve the anxieties of your family; to perform the duties of a citizen; to marry, have children, and go through the public offices. For you did not travel in order to choose the finest places; but to return, to live in that where you were born, and of which you are appointed a citizen.

Such is the present case. Because, by speech and such instruction, we are to perfect our education and purify our own will and rectify that faculty which deals with things as they appear; and because, for the statement of theorems, a certain diction, and some variety and subtilty of discourse are needful, many, captivated by these very things, — one by diction, another by syllogisms, a third by convertible propositions, just as our traveller was by the good inn, — go no further, but sit down and waste their lives shamefully there, as if amongst the sirens. Your business, man, was to prepare yourself for such use of the semblances of things as nature demands; not to fail in what you seek, or incur what you shun; never to be disappointed or unfortunate, but free, unrestrained, uncompelled; conformed to the Divine Administration, obedient to that; finding fault with nothing, but able to say, from your whole soul, the verses which begin,

"Conduct me, Zeus; and thou, O Destiny."[1]

While you have such a business before you, will you be so pleased with a pretty form of expression, or a few theorems, as to choose to stay and live with them, forgetful of your home, and say, "They are fine things!" Why, who says they are not fine things? But only as a means; as an inn. For what hinders one speaking like Demosthenes from being miserable? What hinders a logician equal to Chrysippus from being wretched, sorrowful, envious, vexed, unhappy? Nothing. You see, then, that these are merely unimportant inns, and what concerns you is quite another thing. When I talk thus to some, they suppose that I am setting aside all care about eloquence and about theorems; but I do not object to that, only the dwelling on these things incessantly, and placing our hopes there. If any one, by maintaining this, hurts his hearers, place me amongst those hurtful people; for I cannot, when I see one thing to be the principal and most excellent, call another so to please you.

[1] A Fragment of Cleanthes, quoted in full in Enchiridion, c. 52. — H.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCERNING A PERSON WHOM HE TREATED WITH DISREGARD.

WHEN a certain person said to him, "I have often come to you with a desire of hearing you, and you have never given me any answer; but now, if possible, I entreat you to say something to me," — Do you think, replied Epictetus, that as in other things, so in speaking, there is an art by which he who understands it speaks skilfully, and he who does not unskilfully?

"I do think so."

He, then, who by speaking both benefits himself, and is able to benefit others, must speak skilfully; but he who injures and is injured, must be unskilful in this art. For you may find some speakers injured, and others benefited. And are all hearers benefited by what they hear? Or will you find some benefited, and some hurt?

"Both."

Then those who hear skilfully are benefited, and those who hear unskilfully, hurt.

"Granted."

Is there any art of hearing, then, as well as of speaking?

"It seems so."

If you please, consider it thus. To whom think you that the practice of music belongs?

"To a musician."

To whom the proper formation of a statue?

"To a sculptor."

And do you not imagine some art necessary even to view a statue skilfully?

"I do."

If, therefore, to speak properly belongs to one who is skilful, do you not see that to hear profitably belongs likewise to one who is skilful? For the present, however, if you please, let us say no more of doing things perfectly and profitably, since we are both far enough from anything of that kind; but this seems to be universally confessed, that he who would hear philosophers needs some kind of exercise in hearing. Is it not so? Tell me, then, on what I shall speak to you. On what subject are you able to hear me?

"On good and evil."

The good and evil of what, — of a horse?

"No."

Of an ox?

"No."

What, then; of a man?

"Yes."

Do we know, then, what man is; what is his nature, what our idea of him, and how far our ears are

open in this respect to him? Nay, do you understand what Nature is; or are you able in any degree to comprehend me when I come to say, "But I must use demonstration to you"? How should you? Do you comprehend what demonstration is, or how a thing is demonstrated, or by what methods; or what resembles a demonstration, and yet is not a demonstration? Do you know what true or false is; what is consequent upon anything, and what contradictory; suitable, or dissonant? But I must excite you to study philosophy. How shall I show you that contradiction among the generality of mankind, by which they differ concerning good and evil, profitable and unprofitable, when you know not what *contradiction* means? Show me, then, what I shall gain by discoursing with you? Excite an inclination in me, as a proper pasture excites an inclination to eating, in a sheep; for if you offer him a stone or a piece of bread, he will not be excited. Thus we too have certain natural inclinations to speaking, when the hearer appears to be somebody, when he gives us encouragement; but if he sits by like a stone or a tuft of grass, how can he excite any desire in a man? Does a vine say to an husbandman, "Take care of me"? No; but invites him to take care of it, by showing him that, if he does, it will reward him for his care. Who is there, whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play, and creep, and prattle with them? But who was ever taken with an inclination to divert

himself or bray with an ass; for be the creature ever so little, it is still a little ass.

"Why then do you say nothing to me?"

I have only this to say to you; that whoever is utterly ignorant what he is and wherefore he was born, and in what kind of a universe and in what society; what things are good and what evil, what fair and what base; who understands neither discourse nor demonstration, nor what is true nor what is false, nor is able to distinguish between them; such a one will neither exert his desires, nor aversions, nor pursuits conformably to Nature; he will neither aim, nor assent, nor deny, nor suspend his judgment conformably to Nature; but will wander up and down, entirely deaf and blind, supposing himself to be somebody, while he is nobody. Is there anything new in all this? Is not this ignorance the cause of all the errors that have happened, from the very origin of mankind? Why did Agamemnon and Achilles differ? Was it not for want of knowing what is advantageous, what disadvantageous? Does not one of them say it is advantageous to restore Chryseis to her father; the other, that it is not? Does not one say that he ought to take away the prize of the other; the other, that he ought not? Did they not by these means forget who they were, and for what purpose they had come there? Why, what did you come for, man, — to win mistresses, or to fight? "To fight." With whom, — Trojans or Greeks?

"With the Trojans." Leaving Hector, then, do you draw your sword upon your own king? And do you, good sir, forgetting the duties of a king, —

"Intrusted with a nation and its cares,"[1] —

go to squabbling about a girl with the bravest of your allies, whom you ought by every method to conciliate and preserve? And will you be inferior to a subtle priest who pays his court anxiously to you fine gladiators? You see the effects produced by ignorance of what is truly advantageous.

"But I am rich, as well as other people." What, richer than Agamemnon? "But I am handsome too." What, handsomer than Achilles? "But I have fine hair too." Had not Achilles finer and brighter? Yet he never combed it exquisitely, nor curled it. "But I am strong too." Can you lift such a stone, then, as Hector or Ajax? "But I am of a noble family too." Is your mother a goddess, or your father descended from Zeus? And what good did all this do Achilles, when he sat crying for a girl? "But I am an orator." And was not he? Do you not see how he treated the most eloquent of the Greeks, — Odysseus and Phœnix, — how he struck them dumb? This is all I have to say to you; and even this against my inclination.

"Why so?"

Because you have not excited me to it. For what

[1] Homer, Iliad, ii. 25.

can I see in you to excite me, as spirited horses their riders? Your person? That you disfigure. Your dress? That is effeminate. Your behavior. Your look? Absolutely nothing. When you would hear a philosopher, do not say to him, "You tell me nothing;" but only show yourself fit and worthy to hear; and you will find how you will move him to speak.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT LOGIC IS NECESSARY.

WHEN one of the company said to him, "Convince me that logic is necessary," — Would you have me, he said, demonstrate it to you? "Yes." Then I must use a demonstrative form of argument. "Granted." And how will you know, then, whether I argue sophistically? On this, the man being silent, You see, says he, that even by your own confession, logic is necessary; since without it, you cannot even learn whether it be necessary or not.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT IS THE TEST OF ERROR.

EVERY error implies a contradiction; for since he who errs does not wish to err, but to be in the right, it is evident that he acts contrary to his wish. What does a thief desire to attain? His own interest. If, then, thieving be really against his interest, he acts contrary to his own desire. Now, every rational soul is naturally averse to self-contradiction; but so long as any one is ignorant that it is a contradiction, nothing restrains him from acting contradictorily; but whenever he discovers it, he must as necessarily renounce and avoid it, as any one must dissent from a falsehood whenever he perceives it to be a falsehood; only while this does not appear, he assents to it as to a truth.

He, then, is gifted in speech, and excels at once in exhortation and conviction, who can disclose to each man the contradiction by which he errs, and prove clearly to him that what he would he doth not, and what he would not, that he doth. For, if that be shown, he will depart from it of his own accord; but, till you have shown it, be not surprised that he remains where he is; for he proceeds on the semblance of acting rightly. Hence Socrates, relying on this fac-

ulty, used to say, "It is not my custom to cite any other witness for my assertions; but I am always contented with my opponent. I call and summon him for my witness; and his single evidence serves instead of all others." For he knew that if a rational soul be moved by anything, the scale must turn whether it will or no. Show the governing faculty of Reason a contradiction, and it will renounce it; but till you have shown it, rather blame yourself than him who remains unconvinced.

END OF VOL. I.

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